

STORIES IN VERSE

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STORIES IN VERSE

WITH INTRODUCTION, PARAPHRASES,
SUBSTANCE-WRITING, QUESTIONS,
AND NOTES

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PREFACE.

One of the most approved methods of teaching continuous and written composition is to ask boys to reproduce in prose the narratives in rhyme. They should also be constantly exercised in paraphrasing poetry into prose.

The object of the present Selection is to furnish the learner with a choice collection of properly graduated stories in English verse and to show him how paraphrasing and substance-writing have to be done.

In writing the substance of a story the same poem may be taken up more than once, condensation being attempted at each successive stage.

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The asterisks indicate those poems of which substances have been given as specimens. Of all the remaining poems, select extracts have been paraphrased to serve as models.

INTRODUCTION.

Paraphrasing is the art of translating one form of words into another so as to preserve the essential meaning unchanged. We may paraphrase prose into poetry, as Shakespeare has done with Holinshed's *Chronicles*; or we may, for Examination purposes, paraphrase poetry into prose. We may paraphrase condensed, obscure, or archaic prose into fluent and intelligible modern prose, as has been done with Bacon's *Essays*; or we may paraphrase archaic obscure poetry into the poetry of our own day, as Dryden did with Chaucer. In this little book we are concerned with only one form of paraphrasing, viz., turning a passage of poetry into its closest possible equivalent, in ordinary prose. Another condensed kind of paraphrasing is what is called *précis* writing, the word *précis*, however, being usually applied to letters or official documents. In Examinations it appears as the "Giving in your own words the substance of so and so." We may therefore entitle it "Substance-writing."

Rules for both Paraphrasing and Substance-writing.

1. Read the whole passage carefully through, two or three times, and make sure that you have grasped its meaning, both in general and in detail.
2. Omit all conventional or merely picturesque words or phrases. Thus there are, especially in ballad poetry (Nos. 10, 12, 14, 24, 25, 26, 27, and 28), numerous epi-

thets, with some other phrases, which are merely ornamental or conventional. Examples are "pennon *fair*" (No. 4), "*worthy* abbot" (No. 10), "daughter *dear*" (No. 12), "*fair* London," "*pretty* babes" (No. 14), "*portly* abbot" (No. 18), "duke *so good*" (No. 21), "*good* greenwood," "brother *bold*," (but the epithet is essential in "woman *bold*"), "*fingers small*" (No. 24), "ladies *gay*," "*lovely* Rosabelle," "chapel *proud*" (No. 25), "*bonny* bride," "*bonny* bird" (=lady) (No. 26), "linendraper *bold*," "Edmonton *so gay*," "*merry* Islington," "*trusty* sword" (No. 28).

3. When you have finished your work, read it through, and see that it reads like an original composition, without any harsh, awkward turns of expression, or forced, unnatural phrases. There should be no indications that your composition has been artificially formed from another document.

Rules for Substance-writing.

1. Distinguish carefully between details which are merely picturesque adornments of the narrative, and details which are essential to the plot or purpose of the whole. For example, in the story of *John Gilpin* (No. 28) the frugal disposition of Mrs. Gilpin, which leads her to take her own wine to the Bell Inn, and the forgetfulness of the mind, which compels John Gilpin to carry the bottles himself on horseback, are essential points; in the absence of either, much of the tragi-comedy would have been impossible.

Equally essential are Gilpin's familiarity with a military sword-belt, the fact that his horse was a borrowed

one, the ass's braying, and Mrs. Gilpin's attempt to recover her husband by the instrumentality of the postboy. All these details should therefore be noticed in any abstract, however brief. But the picture of his splashing about in the Wash, however amusing, is a mere accessory detail ; as also is his witty reply to his wife on the inn balcony, and the interchange of merry quips between himself and his old friend, the Calender. The "six gentlemen upon the road" are required to bring out the fresh absurdity of Gilpin's new character of highwayman, instead of jockey ; and indeed, without them the comic ending, as of an imaginary race, would have been impossible.

2. In the case of details that are of intermediate importance, their inclusion or omission will depend upon the degree of conciseness indicated in the Examiner's question ("State concisely"....."Give very briefly" etc.), or on the time available for the candidate's answer.

Rules for Paraphrasing.

In paraphrasing, the aim is to translate poetry into prose with only such alterations as the transference demands. It is a mistake to endeavour to substitute synonyms for each word in the given passage ; all that is necessary is to present it in a prose, in place of a poetical form and style. We must therefore inquire what the characteristics are that differentiate prose from poetry.

Prose appeals to the intellect ; poetry to the imagination and the emotions. Prose gives information or conducts an argument ; poetry brings before us a vivid

picture, moving us to laughter or to tears. With such opposite ends in view each naturally has a distinctive diction of its own. The diction of poetry often becomes stereotyped and conventional, as in the otiose epithets of the Ballad or in the formal phrases of the school of Pope; and of these latter, instances may also be found in the more natural poets—Gray (No. 17) and Cowper (No. 8.)

1. Poetic diction, then, is distinguished from that of prose by

(1) Its preference of the concrete and particular to the abstract and general; the use of words which paint a picture, rather than of words which give a colourless notion. Scott, for instance, speaks of a sacred sign "made with bloody hands" (No. 24) instead of "by a person who has been guilty of murder;" Campbell says "my blood would stain the heather" (No. 26), instead of "he would kill me." And in No. 31 almost every line is suffused with the tense anxiety of one who, sent on an errand of life and death, scarce dares to hope that he shall reach his destination in time. Similarly, Poetry prefers a particular example to the general class; for instance, Gray speaks of "Tom" and "Susan," instead of "the footman" and "the housemaid" (No. 17). Hence in paraphrasing we must invert this process, and change the concrete into the abstract, the vivid picture into the intellectual notion.

(2) Its copious use of Metaphor, Simile, and Personification. In a Metaphor a comparison is implied, as in "props of the pine-tree roof &c." (No. 5, ll. 15 and 16), where the *trunks* are compared to the props and the *branches* to the rafters of a roof; whereas in a Simile the

comparison is *expressed*, as when the darkness caused by the smoke of the broadsides in a naval battle is said to be "like the hurricane eclipse of the sun" (No. 20, ll. 26, 27). In Personification some abstract notion is spoken of as if it were a living person ; and circumstances connected with that notion, whether accidentally or essentially, are pictorially represented as the actions of that person. For example, Gray says, "Malignant Fate sat by and smiled" (No. 17, l. 28), where the actual fact is simply that the cat's position made her drowning inevitable. Hence in paraphrasing, metaphors should be expanded into similes, if they are of sufficient importance to call for treatment in detail ; otherwise they may be replaced by words that express their underlying signification. Personification, again, should be changed into a form of words that expresses its plain meaning. In short, all such poetical figures of speech should, as far as possible, be turned into literal statements of fact.

(3) Its preference for old-fashioned, unfamiliar, and forceful words. The following, among others, occur in these poems :—

(a) NOUNS :—*Bilbo* for *sword* ; *billow* for *wave* ; *boot* for *profit* ; *brand* for *torch* or *match* ; *brine* for *sea* ; *bulwarks* for *hulls* (of warships) ; *burn* for *brook* ; *chapelle* for *chapel* ; *chime* for *clock* ; *choler* for *anger* ; *decay* for *destruction* ; *dole* for *gift* ; *dole* for *sorrow* ; *domain* for *district* or *region* ; *eve* for *evening* ; *foe*, *foeman* for *enemy* or *opponent* ; *flood* for *water* ; *glaive* for *sword* ; *groves* for *woods* ; *hale* for *healthy* ; *harness* for *armour* ; *heaven* for *sky* ; *henchmen* for *followers* or *retainers* ; *hue* for *colour* ; *joyance* for *gladness* ; *lay* for

song; *locks* for *hair*; *maid* for *girl*; *main* for *sea*; *mansion* for *dwelling-place*; *mariner* for *sailor*; *mere* for *lake*; *might* for *strength*; *nymph* for *girl*; *pale* for *enclosure*; *panoply* for *armour*; *power* for *army*; *quest* for *search*; *russet* for *homespun cloth*; *saga* for *story*; *score* for *twenty*; *stallion*, *steed* for *horse*; *sprite* for *ghost* or *apparition*; *tide* for *water*; *wherry* for *boat*; *wrack* for *wreck*.

(b) ADJECTIVES :—*Bootless* for *unprofitable*; *inherent* for *infixed*; *lonesome* for *lonely*; *martial* for *warlike* or *military*; *winsome* for *winning*.

(c) The verbs *quoth* for *said*; *trow* for *trust*; the adverbs *alway* for *always*; *amain* for *violently*; *of yore* for *in ancient times*; *sore* for *sorely*, and the conjunction *eke* for *also*.

Hence, in paraphrasing, such poetical words should be replaced by their prose equivalents.

(4) Its preference for old-fashioned or unfamiliar grammatical constructions. Examples are—(a) The use of an adjective for a noun, as “*rough* and *smooth*” (No. 7, line 61), instead of “*rough* and *smooth places*”; (b) The repetition of the subject of a verb by a pronoun as “*the skipper he stood*” (No. 23, l. 9); “*John he cried*” (No. 28, ll. 85, 86); (c) the use of personal pronouns in a reflexive sense, as “*to hide me*” instead of “*myself*” (No. 5, l. 22). Hence, in paraphrasing, all such unusual grammatical constructions should be changed into their normal form.

(5) Its omission of words which would be retained, in prose: as, “(who) had sailed” (No. 23, l. 14); “*Needs he must (do)*” (No. 28, l. 89). Hence, in paraphrasing such words must be inserted.

(6) Its inversion of the usual order of words, sometimes for the sake of metre or rhyme, sometimes for the sake of emphasis: as, "footmarks small" (No. 7, l. 46): "a live branch pull" (No. 19, Pt. II. l. 58). Hence, in paraphrasing, the usual prose order of words should be restored.

(7) Its use of picturesque compound words, introduced or oftener coined for the sake of tersely expressing some association of ideas. For example, in No. 3, l. 28, little Wilhelmine looks up to her grandfather with "*wonder-waiting* eyes," where the epithet concisely conveys the eagerness of her look, together with the cause of that eagerness, *viz.*, her curiosity about the skull. Hence, in paraphrasing, such compounds should be analysed, and their full force given.

II. The sentences themselves may often have to be remodelled. In poetry, especially in such writers as Milton, we often find long sentences which would be intolerable in prose; these must be judiciously broken up into separate sentences. On the other hand a series of short simple sentences rhythmically balanced in a musical succession, will require to be turned into a longer complex sentence in which all but the principal one of these sentences are replaced by duly subordinated phrases or clauses.

There is one kind of sentence, sometimes met with in poetry, that requires special treatment; *viz.*, the burden or refrain, as in No. 3. When the burden is an interjectional phrase, it may be replaced once, in the most convenient position, by an interjectional phrase expressing its emotional effect; and this, after having been once

introduced, need not be repeated. The same rule applies to a sentence refrain, if it is reiterated without any change of meaning or relation ; but, whenever it takes on a new shade of meaning, or is in itself slightly varied in phrasing, owing to a change in its context, it should then be repeated in the prose version in such a way as to form an integral part of the poem itself.

STORIES IN VERSE.

1.—BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

THE king was on his throne,
The satraps throng'd the hall ;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold.
In Judah deem'd divine,
Jehovah's vessels, held
The godless heathen's wine.

5

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against wall,
And wrote as if on sand.
The fingers of a man—
A solitary hand—
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

10

15

The monarch saw and shook,
And bade no more rejoice ;
All bloodless wax'd his look,
And tremulous his voice.

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'Let the men of lore appear,
 The wisest of the earth,
 To expound the words of fear
 Which mar our royal mirth.'

Chaldea's seers are good, 25

But here they have no skill,
 And the unknown letters stood
 Untold and awful still.

And Babel's men of age
 Are wise and deep in lore ; 30
 But now they were not sage :
 They saw, but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
 A stranger and a youth,
 He heard the king's command, 35
 He saw that writing's truth.
 The lamps around were bright,
 The prophecy in view ;
 He read it on that night ;
 The morrow proved it true. 40

'Belshazzar's grave is made,
 His kingdom pass'd away ;
 He, in the balance weighed,
 Is light and worthless clay.
 The shroud his robe of state, 45
 His canopy the stone ;
 The Mede is at his gate !
 The Persian on his throne !

2.—THE PARROT.

THE deep affections of the breast,
That Heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possessed
By human hearts.

A parrot from the Spanish Main, 5
Full young and early caged, came o'er
With bright wings to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue, 10
His native fruits and skies and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye. 15

But, petted, in our climate cold
He lived and chattered many a day ;
Until with age from green and gold
His wings grew gray. 20

At last, when blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore ;

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech ; 25
 The bird in Spanish speech replied,
 Flapped round his cage with joyous screech
 Dropped down, and died.

3.—AFTFR BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun ;
 And by him sported on the green 5
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found : 10
 He came to ask what he had found
 That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
 Who stood expectant by ;
 And then the old man shook his head, 15
 And with a natural sigh
 'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
 'Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden,
 For there's many here about ; 20

And often when I go to plough
 The ploughshare turns them out.
 For many thousand men', said he,
 'Were slain in that great victory.'

'Now tell us what 'twas all about,' 25

Young Peterkin he cries ;
 And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes ;
 'Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they fought each other for.' 30

'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
 'Who put the French to rout ;
 But what they fought each other for
 I could not well make out.
 But everybody said,' quoth he, 35
 'That 'twas a famous victory.

My father lived at Blenheim then
 Yon little stream hard by ;
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly : 40
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide,
 And many a childing mother then, 45
 And newborn baby died :
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won, 50

For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun :
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won, 55
And our good Prince Eugene.'

'Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !
Said little Wilhelmine ;

'Nay—nay—my little girl,' quoth he,
'It was a famous victory.' 60

And every body praised the Duke
Who such a fight did win.'

'But what good came of it at last ?
Quoth little Peterkin :—

'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he, 65
'But 'twas a famous victory.'

4.—CASABIANCA.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood, 5
As born to rule the storm ;

A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word ; 10
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud : 'Say, father, say
If yet my task is done ?'

He knew not that the chieftain lay 15
Unconscious of his son.

'Speak, father,' once again he cried,
'If I may yet be gone ?'
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on. 20

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair ;
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud, 25
'My father, must I stay ?'
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fire made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high ; 30
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

5.—A NIGHT WITH A WOLF.

LITTLE one, come to my knee ;
Hark how the rain is pouring
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,
And the wind in the woods a-roaring !

Hush, my darling, and listen,
Then pay for the story with kisses :
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,
In just such a storm as this is !

High upon the lonely mountains,
Where the wild men watched and waited ; 10
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,
And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together,
Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,
And snapping many a rafter. 15

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned, and bruised, and blinded—
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
And a sheltering rock behind it. 20

There, from the blowing and raining,
Crouching, I sought to hide me :
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened : 25
I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long night
Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me ;
Each of us warmed the other ; 30
Each of us felt in the stormy dark,
That beast and man was brother.

And when the falling forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding place 35
Forth, in the wild, wet morning.

Darling, kiss me in payment !
Hark, how the wind is roaring ;
Father's house is a better place
When the stormy rain is pouring !

6.—TUBAL CAIN.

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might
 In the days when Earth was young ;
 By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
 The strokes of his hammer rung ;
 And he lifted high his brawny hand
 On the iron glowing clear,
 Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
 As he fashioned the sword and spear,
 And he sang—‘Hurra for my handiwork !
 Hurra for the spear and sword !’
 Hurra for the hand that shall wield them well,
 For he shall be king and lord !’

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
 As he wrought by his roaring fire,
 And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
 As the crown of his desire ;
 And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
 Till they shouted loud for glee,
 And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
 And spoils of the forest free.

And they sang—‘Hurra for Tubal Cain,
 Who hath given us strength anew !
 Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,
 And hurra for the metal true !’

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
 Ere the setting of the sun,
 And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
 For the evil he had done ;

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He saw that men, with rage and hate,
 Made war upon their kind, 30
 That the land was red with blood they shed
 In their lust for carnage, blind.
 And he said—‘Alas ! that ever I made,
 Or that skill of mine should plan,
 The spear and the sword for men whose joy
 Is to slay their fellow man !’ 35

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
 Sat brooding o'er his woe ;
 And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
 And his furnace smouldered low. 40
 But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
 And a bright courageous eye,
 And bared his strong right arm for work,
 While the quick flames mounted high,
 And he sang—‘Hurra for my handicraft !’ 45
 And the red sparks lit the air ;
 ‘Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made.’
 And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
 In friendship joined their hands, 50
 Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
 And ploughed the willing lands ;
 And sang—‘Hurra for Tubal Cain !
 Our staunch good friend is he ;
 And for the ploughshare and the plough
 To him our praise shall be.’ 55

7.—LUCY GRAY.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray :
 And, when I cross'd the wild,
 I chanced to see at break of day
 The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew ;
 She dwelt on a wide moor—
 The sweetest thing that ever grew
 Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
 The hare upon the green ;
 But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
 Will never more be seen.

'To-night will be a stormy night—
 You to the town must go,
 And take a lantern, child, to light
 Your mother through the snow.'

'That, father ! will I gladly do :
 'Tis scarcely afternoon—
 The minster-clock has just struck two,
 And yonder is the moon !'

At this the father raised his hook
 And snapp'd a faggot-band ;
 He plied his work ; and Lucy took
 The lantern in her hand.

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Not blither is the mountain roe : 25

With many a wanton stroke

Her feet disperse the powdery snow

That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :

She wander'd up and down ; 30

And many a hill did Lucy climb,

But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night

Went shouting far and wide ;

But there was neither sound nor sight 35

To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood

That overlooked the moor ;

And thence they saw the bridge of wood

A furlong from their door. 40

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,

‘In heaven we all shall meet !’

—When in the snow the mother spied

The print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downward from the steep hill’s edge 45

They track’d the foot-marks small ;

And through the broken hawthorn hedge,

And by the long stone wall :

And then an open field they crossed :

The marks were still the same ; 50

They track'd them on, nor ever lost ;
 And to the bridge they came.

They follow'd from the snowy bank
 Those foot-marks, one by one,
 Into the middle of the plank ;
 And further there were none !

— Yet some maintain that to this day
 She is a living child ;
 That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
 Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
 And never looks behind ;
 And sings a solitary song
 That whistles in the wind.

8.—THE DOG AND THE WATER LILY.

The noon was shady, and soft airs
 Swept Ouse's silent tide,
 When, 'scaped from literary cares,
 I wandered on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
 And high in pedigree,
 (Two nymphs adorned with every grace
 That spaniel found for me),

55

60

5

Now wantoned lost in flags and reeds,

Now starting into sight,

Pursued the swallow o'er the meads,

With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse displayed

His lilies newly-blown ;

Their beauties I intent surveyed,

And one I wished my own.

With cane extended far I sought

To steer it close to land ;

But still the prize, though nearly caught,

Escaped my eager hand.

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains

With fixed, considerate face,

And puzzling set his puppy brains

To comprehend the case.

But with a chirrup clear and strong,

Dispersing all his dream,

I thence withdrew, and followed long

The windings of the stream.

My ramble ended, I returned ;

Beau trotting far before,

The floating wreath again discerned,

And plunging left the shore.

I saw him, with that lily cropped,

Impatient swim to meet

My quick approach, and soon he dropped 35
 The treasure at my feet.

Charmed with the sight, 'The world,' I cried
 'Shall hear of this thy deed :
 My dog shall mortify the pride
 Of man's superior breed. 40

But chief myself I will enjoin,
 Awake at duty's call,
 To show a love as prompt as thine
 To Him who gives me all.'

9.—THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

'WILL you walk into my parlour ?'
 Said the spider to the fly ;
 'Tis the prettiest little parlour
 That ever you did spy ;
 The way into the parlour 5
 Is up a winding stair ;
 And I've many a curious thing
 To show when you are there !'
 'Oh, no, no,' said the little fly,
 'To ask me is in vain, 10
 For who goes up your winding stair
 Can ne'er come down again.'

'I 'm sure you must be weary, dear
 With soaring up so high ;

Will you rest upon my little bed ? 15

Said the spider to the fly.

'There are pretty curtains drawn around ;

The sheets are fine and thin ;

And if you like to rest a while,

I'll snugly tuck you in !

'Oh, no, no,' said the little fly ;

'For I've often heard it said,

They never, never wake again,

Who sleep upon your bed ?

20

Said the cunning spider to the fly—

25

'Dear friend, what can I do

To prove the warm affection

I've always felt for you ?

I have within my pantry

Good store of all that's nice ;

30

I'm sure you're very welcome—

Will you please to take a slice ?

'Oh, no, no,' said the little fly,

'Kind sir, that cannot be ;

I've heard what's in your pantry,

35

And I do not wish to see.'

'Sweet creature,' said the spider,

'You're witty and you're wise ;

How handsome are your gaudy wings,

How brilliant are your eyes !

40

I have a little looking-glass

Upon my parlour shelf ;

If you'll step in one moment, dear,
 You shall behold yourself.' 45

'I thank you, gentle sir,' she said,
 'For what you're pleased to say ;
 And bidding you good-morrow now,
 I'll call another day.'

The spider turn'd him round about,
 And went into his den, 50
 For well he knew the silly fly
 Would soon come back again.

So he wove a subtle web
 In a little corner sly,
 And set his table ready 55
 To dine upon the fly.

Then he came out to his door again,
 And merrily did sing :
 'Come hither, hither, pretty fly,
 With the pearl and silver wing ; 60
 Your robes are green and purple—
 There's crest upon your head !
 Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
 But mine are dull as lead !'

Alas ! alas ! how very soon 65
 This silly little fly,
 Hearing his wily, flattering words,
 Came slowly flitting by.
 With buzzing she hung aloft,
 Then near and nearer drew, 70

Thinking only of her brilliant eyes,
 And green and purple hue—
 Thinking only of her crested head—
 Poor foolish thing ! At last,
 Up jumped the cunning spider, 75
 And fiercely held her fast !
 He dragged her up his winding stair,
 Into his dismal den,
 Within his little parlour—
 But she ne'er came out again ! 80

10.—THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
 The ship was as still as she could be ;
 Her sails from heaven received no motion,
 Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock 5
 The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock ;
 So little they rose, so little they fell,
 They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
 Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ; 10
 On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
 And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
 The mariners heard the warning bell ;
 And then they knew the perilous rock,
 And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

15

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
 All things were joyful on that day ;
 The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
 And there was joyance in their sound.

20

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
 A darker speck on the ocean green ;
 Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
 And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of Spring :
 It made him whistle, it made him sing ;
 His heart was mirthful to excess,
 But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

25

His eye was on the Inchcape float ;
 Quoth he, 'My men, put out the boat,
 And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
 And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok.'

30

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
 And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;
 Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
 And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

35

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
 The bubbles rose and burst around ;
 Quoth Sir Ralph, 'The next who comes to the Rock
 Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok.' 40

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
 He scoured the seas for many a day ;
 And now, grown rich with plundered store,
 He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky 45
 They cannot see the sun on high ;
 The wind hath blown a gale all day ;
 At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
 So dark it is they see no land, 50
 Quoth Sir Ralph, 'It will be lighter soon,
 For there is the dawn of the rising moon.'

'Canst hear,' said one, 'the breakers roar ?
 For methinks we should be near the shore.'
 'Now where we are I cannot tell, 55
 But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell.'

They hear no sound, the swell is strong ;
 Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
 Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
 'O Christ ! it is the Inchcape Rock !' 60

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair ;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear 65
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

11.—BISHOP HATTO.

The summer and autumn had been so wet
That in winter the corn was growing yet ;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the straving poor 5
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store ;
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day 10
To quiet the poor without delay ;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced, such tidings good to hear, 15
The poor folk flocked from far and near ;

The great barn was full as it could hold,
Of women and children, and young, and old.

Then, when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door ;
And while for mercy on Christ they call, 20
He set fire to the barn and burned them all.

'I faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire !' quoth he,
'And the country is greatly obliged to me
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
Of rats, that only consume the corn.' 25

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily ;
And he slept that night like an innocent man ;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning, as he entered the hall, 30
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat, like death, all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked, there came a man from the farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm ; 35
'My Lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn.'

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be :
'Fly ! my Lord Bishop, fly !' quoth he ; 40
'Ten thousand rats are coming this way.
The Lord forgive you for yesterday !'

'I'll go to my tower on the Rhine,' replied he,
 'Tis the safest place in Germany ;
 The walls are high, and the shores are steep, 45
 And the stream is strong, and the water deep.'

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
 And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
 And reached his tower, and barred with care
 All the windows, door, and loopholes there. 50

He laid him down, and closed his eyes,
 But soon a scream made him arise ;
 He started, and saw two eyes of flame
 On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listened and looked ; it was only the cat ; 55
 But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that,
 For she sat screaming mad with fear
 At the army of rats that was drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,
 And they have climbed the shores so steep ; 60
 And up the tower their way is bent
 To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score,
 By thousands they come, and by myriads and
 more ;
 Such numbers had never been heard of before, 65
 Such a judgement had never been witnessed
 of yore.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near,
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear. 70

And in at the window, and in at the door,
And through the walls helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling and up through
the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind
and before,
From within and without, from above and below, 75
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the
stones :
And now they pick the Bishop's bones ;
They gnaw the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgement on him. 80

12.—THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

THE lawns were dry in Euston park ;
(Here Truth inspires my tale)
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame, 5
And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham
And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
But followed faster still, 10

And echoed to the darksome copse
That whispered on the hill ;

Where clamorous rooks, yet scarcely hushed,
Bespoke a peopled shade,

And many a wing the foliage brushed, 15
And hovering circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer,
That sought the shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear,
And gave the stranger way. 20

Darker it grew ; and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind ;—
When now a short quick step she hears
Come patting close behind.

She turned ; it stopped ; nought could she see 25
Upon the gloomy plain !

But as she strove the sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.

Now terror seized her quaking frame,
For, where the path was bare, 30

The trotting Ghost kept on the same ;
She muttered many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,
She tried what sight could do ;

When through the cheating glooms of night 35
 A monster stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
 It followed down the plain !
 She owned her sins, and down she knelt
 And said her prayers again. 40

Then on she sped ; and hope grew strong,
 The white park gate in view ;
 Which pushing hard, so long it swung
 That Ghost and all passed through.

Loud fell the gate against the post ! 45
 Her heart-strings like to crack ;
 For much she feared the grisly Ghost
 Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,
 As it had done before ; 50
 Her strength and resolution spent,
 She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surprised,
 Out came her daughter dear ;
 Good-natured souls ! all unadvised,
 Of what they had to fear. 55

The candle's gleam pierced through the night,
 Some short space o'er the green ;
 And there the little trotting sprite
 Distinctly might be seen.

An ass's foal had lost its dam
 Within the spacious park ;
 And simple as the playful lamb
 Had followed in the dark.

No goblin he ; no imp of sin ;
 No crimes had ever known ;
 They took the shaggy stranger in,
 And reared him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round
 Upon the cottage floor ;
 The matron learned to love the sound
 That frightened her before.

A favourite the Ghost became,
 And 'twas his fate to thrive ;
 And long he lived and spread his fame,
 And kept the joke alive.

For many a laugh went through the vale ;
 And some conviction too :
 Each thought some other goblin tale,
 Perhaps, was just as true.

65

70

75

80

13.—THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
 His sickle in his hand ;
 His breast was bare, his matted hair
 Was buried in the sand.

Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed ;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode ;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand ;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks, 15
They held him by the hand :—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank ;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag, 25
The bright flamingoes flew ;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view. 30
At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream,

And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
 Beside some hidden stream ;
 And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums, 35
 Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
 Shouted of liberty ;
 And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
 With a voice so wild and free, 40
 That he started in his sleep and smiled
 At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
 Nor the burning heat of day ;
 For death had illumined the Land of Sleep, 45
 And his lifeless body lay
 A worn-out fetter, that the soul
 Had broken and thrown away !

14.—THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
 These words which I shall write ;
 A doleful story you shall hear,
 In time brought forth to light. 5
 A gentleman of good account
 In Norfolk dwelt of late,
 Who did in honour far surmount
 Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help his life could save ; 10
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possessed one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind ;
In love they lived, in love they died, 15
And left two babes behind :

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old ;
The other a girl more young than he,
And framed in beauty's mould. 20
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year ;

And to his little daughter Jane 25
Five hundred pounds in gold
To be paid down on marriage-day,
Which might not be controlled.
But if the children chanced to die
Ere they to age should come, 30
Their uncle should possess their wealth ;
For so the will did run.

'Now, brother,' said the dying man,
'Look to my children dear ;
Be good unto my boy and girl, 35
No friends else have they here :

To God and you I recommend
 My children dear this day ;
 But little while be sure we have
 Within this world to stay.

40

'You must be father and mother both,
 And uncle all in one ;
 God knows what will become of them
 When I am dead and gone.'
 With that bespeak their mother dear,
 'O brother kind,' quoth she,
 'You are the man must bring our babes
 To wealth or misery :

And if you keep them carefully,
 Then God will you reward ;
 But if you otherwise should deal,
 God will your deeds regard.'
 With lips as cold as any stone,
 They kissed their children small :
 'God bless you both, my children dear !'
 With that the tears did fall.

50

55

These speeches then their brother spake
 To this sick couple there :
 'The keeping of your little ones,
 Sweet sister, do not fear :
 God never prosper me nor mine,
 Nor aught else that I have,
 If I do wrong your children dear,
 When you are laid in grave.'

60

The parents being dead and gone,
 The children home he takes,
 And brings them strait unto his house,
 Where much of them he makes.
 He had not kept these pretty babes
 A twelvemonth and a day,
 But, for their wealth, he did devise
 To make them both away.

70

He bargained with two ruffians strong,
 Which were of furious mood,
 That they should take these children young, 75
 And slay them in a wood.
 He told his wife an artful tale,
 He would the children send,
 To be brought up in fair London,
 With one that was his friend.

80

Away then went those pretty babes
 Rejoicing at that tide,
 Rejoicing in a merry mind,
 They should on cock-horse ride.
 They prate and prattle pleasantly
 As they rode on the way,
 To those that should their butchers be,
 And work their lives' decay.

85

So that the pretty speech they had
 Made Murder's heart relent ;
 And they that undertook the deed
 Full sore did now repent.

90

Yet one of them more hard of heart
 Did vow to do his charge,
 Because the wretch that hired him
 Had paid him very large.

95

The other won't agree thereto,
 So here they fall to strife ;
 With one another they did fight,
 About the children's life ;
 And he that was of mildest mood
 Did slay the other there,
 Within an unfrequented wood ;
 The babes did quake for fear !

100

He took the children by the hand,
 Tears standing in their eye,
 And bade them straitway follow him,
 And look ! they did not cry.
 And two long miles he led them on,
 While they for food complain ;
 'Stay here,' quoth he ; 'I'll bring you bread
 • When I come back again.'

105

110

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
 Went wandering up and down ;
 But never more could see the man
 Approaching from the town :
 Their pretty lips with blackberries
 Were all besmeared and dyed ;
 And when they saw the darksome night
 They sat them down and cried.

115

120

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
 Till death did end their grief ;
 In one another's arms they died,
 As wanting due relief.

No burial this pretty pair 125
 Of any man receives,
 Till Robin Redbreast piontly
 Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God,
 Upon their uncle fell ; 130
 Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
 His conscience felt an hell :
 His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
 His lands were barren made,
 His cattle died within the field,
 And nothing with him stayed. 135

And in a voyage to Portugal
 Two of his sons did die ;
 And to conclude, himself was brought
 To want and misery : 140
 He pawned and mortgaged all his land
 Ere seven years came about ;
 And now at length this wicked act
 Did by this means come out :

The fellow that did take in hand 145
 These children for to kill,
 Was for a robbery judged to die,
 Such was God's blessed will ;

Who did confess the very truth,
As here hath been displayed ;
Their uncle having died in gaol,
Where he for debt was laid.

150

15.—NAPOLEON AND THE YOUNG
ENGLISH SAILOR.

I love contemplating—apart
From all his homicidal glory—
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

5

They suffered him, I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam ;
And aye was bent his youthful brow
On England's home.

10

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain, half way over,
With envy—they could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover.

15

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

20

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning, dreaming, doting,
An empty hogshead from the deep
 Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The live-long day, laborious, lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat,
 By mighty working.

Oh, dear me ! 'twas a thing beyond
Description !—such a wretched wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
 Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder ;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,—
 No sail—no rudder !

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows ;
And thus equipped, he would have passed
 The foaming billows.

A French guard caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering,
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
 Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger,
And, in his wonted attitude,
 Addressed the stranger.

25

30

35

40

45

'Rash youth, that wouldest yon Channel pass
 On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned, 50
 Thy heart with some sweet English lass
 Must be impassioned.'

'I have no sweetheart,' said the lad ;
 'But absent years from one another,
 Great was the longing that I had 55
 To see my mother.'

'And so thou shalt,' Napoleon said ;
 'You've both my favour justly won ;
 A noble mother must have bred
 So brave a son.' 60

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
 And, with a flag of truce, commanded
 He should be shipped to England Old,
 And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift 65
 To find a dinner, plain and hearty,
 But never changed the coin and gift
 Of Buonaparte.

16.—THE KNIGHT'S LEAP: A LEGEND OF ALTENAHR.

'So the foemen have fired the gate, men of mine ;
 And the water is spent and gone ?
 Then bring me a cup of red Ahr wine—
 I never shall drink but this one.'

'And reach me my harness, and saddle my horse, 5
 And lead him me round to the door;
 He must take such a leap to-night perforce,
 As horse never took before.

'I have fought my fight, I have lived my life,
 I have drunk my share of wine; 10
 From Trier to Coln there was never a knight
 Led a merrier life than mine.

'I have lived by the saddle for years twoscore;
 And if I must die on tree— 15
 Why the old saddle-tree which has borne me of yore
 Is the properest timber for me.

'So now to show bishop, and burgher, and priest,
 How the Altenahr hawk must die:
 If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
 He must take to his wings and fly.' 20

He harnessed himself by the clear moonshine,
 And he mounted his horse at the door;
 And he drained such a cup of the red Ahr wine,
 As man never drained before.

He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight, 25
 And he leapt him out over the wall;
 Out over the cliff, out into the night,
 Three hundred feet of fall.

They found him next morning below in the glen,
 With never a bone in him whole— 30
 A mass or a prayer now, good gentlemen,
 For such a bold rider's soul!

17.—ON THE DEATH OF HIS FAVOURITE CAT.

"Twas on a lofty vase's side
 Where China's gayest art had dyed
 The azure flowers that blow,
 Demurest of the tabby kind
 The pensive Selima reclined,
 Gazed on the lake below. 5

Her conscious tail her joy declared ;
 The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 The velvet of her paws,
 Her coat that with the tortoise vies, 10
 Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes—
 She saw, and purred applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide
 Two angel forms were seen to glide,
 The genii of the stream : 15
 Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
 Through richest purple to the view
 Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw :
 A whisker first and then a claw, 20
 With many an ardent wish,
 She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize—
 What female heart can gold despise ?
 What cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
 Again she stretch'd, again she bent, 25
 Nor knew the gulf between.

Malignant Fate sat by and smiled—
 The slippery verge her feet beguiled—
 She tumbled headlong in ! 30

Eight times emerging from the flood,
 She mew'd to every watery god
 Some speedy aid to send ;
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
 Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard,— 35
 A favourite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties ! undeceived
 Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
 And be with caution bold :
 Not all that tempts your wandering eyes 40
 And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
 Nor all that glisters, gold !

18.—WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,
 When he left this world of ours,
 Laid his body in the cloister,
 Under Wurtzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures, 5
 Gave them all with this behest :
 They should feed the birds at noontide,
 Daily on his place of rest ;

Saying, 'From these wandering minstrels
 I have learnt the art of song : 10
 Let me now repay the lessons
 They have taught so well and long.'
 Thus the bard of love departed :
 And, fulfilling his desire,
 On his tomb the birds were feasted 15
 By the children of the choir.
 Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
 In foul weather and in fair,
 Day by day, in vaster numbers
 Flocked the poets of the air ; 20
 On the tree whose heavy branches
 Overshadowed all the place,
 On the pavement, on the tombstone,
 On the poet's sculptured face,
 On the cross-bars of each window, 25
 On the lintel of each door,
 They renewed the War of Wartburg,
 Which the bard had fought before.
 There they sang their merry carols,
 Sang their lauds on every side ; 30
 And the name their voices uttered
 Was the name of Vogelweid.
 Till at length the portly abbot
 Murmured, 'Why this waste of food ?
 Be it changed to loaves henceforward 35
 For our fasting brotherhood.'

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
 From the walls and woodland nests,
 When the minster bells rang noontide,
 Gathered the unwelcome guests.

40

Then in vain, with cries discordant,
 Clamorous round the Gothic spire,
 Screamed the feathered Minnesingers,
 For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions
 On the cloister's funeral stones,
 And tradition only tells us
 Where repose the poet's bones.

45

But around the vast cathedral,
 By sweet echoes multiplied,
 Still the birds repeat the legend
 And the name of Vogelweid.

50

19.—AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :
 A mile or so away
 On a little mound, Napoléon
 Stood on our storming-day ;
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

5

Just as perhaps he mused, 'My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall, 10
 Let once my army-leader Lannes,
 Waver at yonder wall,'—
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew 15
 Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy :
 You hardly could suspect— 20
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came thro')
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

'Well,' cried he, 'Emperor, by God's grace 25
 'We've got you Ratisbon !
 The Marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire, 30
 Perched him ! 'The Cheif's eye flashed ; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed ; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother eagle's eye 35
 When her bruised eaglet breathes :

'You're wounded !' 'Nay,' his soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said :
 'I'm killed, Sire !' And, his Chief beside,
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

40

20.—THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North,
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone ; 5
 By each gun the lighted brand
 In a bold determined hand,
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat, 10
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line :
 It was ten of April morn by the chime ;
 As they drifted on their path, 15
 There was silence deep as death,
 And the boldest held his breath
 For a time.

But the might of England flushed
 To anticipate the scene, 20
 And her van the fleeter rushed
 O'er the deadly space between.—

'Hearts of oak !' our captains cried ; when each gun
 From its adamantine lips
 Spread a death-shade round the ships, 25
 Like the hurricane eclipse
 Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
 And the havoc did not slack,
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane 30
 To our cheering sent us back ;—
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
 Then ceased—and all is wail,
 As they strike the shattered sail,
 Or, in conflagration pale, 35
 Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
 As he hailed them o'er the wave :
 'Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
 And we conquer but to save : 40
 So peace instead of death let us bring ;
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
 With the crews, at England's feet,
 And make submission meet
 To our King'. 45

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
 That he gave her wounds repose ;
 And the sounds of joy and grief
 From her people wildly rose,
 As death withdrew his shades from the day ; 50
 While the sun looked smiling bright
 O'er a wild and woeful sight,

Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise 55
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar, 60
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true, 65
On the deck of fame that died
With the gallant good Riou :
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles, 70
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

21.—THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry ;

But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

5

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth tow'rd Agincourt
In happy hour ;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
With all his power ;

10

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the king sending :
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
Their fall portending.

20

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
‘Though they be one to ten,
Be not amazéd.
Yet have we well begun ;
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raiséd.

25

30

'And for myself,' quoth he,
 'This my full rest shall be,
 England ne'er mourn for me, 35
 Nor more esteem me.

Victor I will remain,
 Or on this earth lie slain.
 Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me. 40

'Poitiers and Crecy tell,
 When most their pride did swell,
 Under our swords they fell ;
 No less our skill is,
 Than when our grandsire great, 45
 Claiming the regal seat,
 By many a warlike feat
 Lopp'd the French lilies.'

The Duke of York so dread
 The eager vaward led ;
 With the main Henry sped
 Among his henchmen.
 Excester had the rear,
 A braver man not there ;
 O Lord, how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen ! 55

They now to fight are gone,
 Armour on armour shone,
 Drum now to drum did groan,
 To hear was wonder ; 60

That with the cries they make,
 The very earth did shake ;
 Trumpet to trumpet spake,
 Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became, 65
 Oh noble Erpingham,
 Which didst the signal aim
 To our hid forces :
 When from a meadow by,
 Like a storm suddenly, 70
 The English archery
 Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
 Arrows a cloth-yard long,
 That like to serpents stung, 75
 Piercing the weather ;
 None from his fellow starts,
 But playing manly parts,
 And like true English hearts,
 Stuck close together. 80

When down their bows they threw,
 And forth their bilbos drew,
 And on the French they flew,
 Not one was tardy ;
 Arms were from shoulders sent, 85
 Scalps to the teeth were rent,
 Down the French peasants went :
 Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broad sword brandishing, 90
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it ;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent 95
Bruised his helmet.

Gloucester, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For the famous England stood
With his brave brother ; 100
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade, 105
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up ;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily, 110
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry ; 115

Oh when shall English men
 With such acts fill a pen ?
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry ?

120

22.—THE CUMBERLAND.

AT anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
 On board of the Cumberland, sloop of war ;
 And at times from the fortress across the bay
 The alarum of drums swept past,
 Or a bugle blast
 From the camp on the shore.

5

Then far away to the south uprose
 A little feather of snow-white smoke,
 And we knew that the iron ship of our foe
 Was steadily steering its course
 To try the force
 Of our ribs of oak.

10

Down upon us heavily runs,
 Silent and sullen, the floating fort ;
 Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
 And leaps the terrible death,
 With fiery breath,
 From each open port.

15

We are not idle, but send her straight
 Defiance back in a full broadside !

20

As hail rebounds from a roof of slate
 Rebounds our heavier hail
 From each iron scale
 Of the monster's hide.

'Strike your flag !' the rebel cries,
 In his arrogant old plantation strain.

'Never !' our gallant Morris replies ;
 'It is better to sink than to yield !'
 And the whole air pealed

With the cheers of our men. 30

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
 She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp !
 Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
 With a sudden shudder of death
 And the cannon's breath
 For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
 Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.
 Lord, how beautiful was thy day !

Every waft of the air
 Was whisper of prayer,
 Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho ! brave hearts that went down in the seas !
 Ye are at peace in the troubled stream.
 Ho ! brave land ! with hearts like these,
 Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
 Shall be one again,
 And without a seam !

23.—THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

IT was the schooner *Hesperus*
 That sailed the wintry sea ;
 And the skipper had taken his little daughter
 To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes, as the fairy flax, 5
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
 With his pipe in his mouth, 10
 And watched how the veering flaw did blow
 The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
 Had sailed the Spanish Main,
 'I pray thee, put into yonder port, 15
 For I fear a hurricane.

'Last night the moon had a golden ring,
 And to-night no moon we see !
 The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
 And a scornful laugh laughed he. 20

Colder and louder blew the wind,
 A gale from the north-east ;
 The snow fell hissing in the brine,
 And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
 The vessel in its strength ; 25

She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

'Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so ; 30
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.'

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar, 35
And bound her to the mast.

'O father ! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be ?'
'Tis a fog bell on a rock-bound coast !
And he steered for the open sea. 40

'O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be ?'
'Some ship in distress that cannot live
In such an angry sea !'

'O father ! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may, it be ?'
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he,

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies. 50
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed
 That saved she might be ;
 And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves 55
 On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
 Through the whistling sleet and snow,
 Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel sweeps
 Towards the reef of Norman's Woe. 60

And ever the fitful gusts between
 A sound came from the land ;
 It was the sound of the trampling surf
 On the rock and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows, 65
 She drifted a dreary wreck,
 And a whooping billow swept the crew,
 Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
 Looked soft as carded wool, 70
 But the cruel rocks, they gored her side,
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
 With the masts, went by the board ;
 Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank. 75
 Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
 A fisherman stood aghast,
 To see the form of a maiden fair
 Lashed close to a driftin gmast. 80

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
 The salt tears in her eyes :
 And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
 On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*, 85
 In the midnight and the snow !
 Christ save us all from a death like this
 On the reef of Norman's Woe !

24.—ALICE BRAND.

I.

MERRY it is in the good greenwood,
 When the mavis and merle are singing,
 When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
 And the hunter's horn is ringing.

‘O Alice Brand, my native land 5
 ‘Is lost for love of you ;
 ‘And we must hold by wood and wold,
 ‘As outlaws wont to do !

‘O Alice, ’twas all for thy locks so bright,
 ‘And ’twas all for thine eyes so blue,
 ‘That on the night of our luckless flight
 ‘Thy brother bold I slew.

‘Now must I teach to hew the beech,
 ‘The hand that held the glaive,
 ‘For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
 ‘And stakes to fence our cave. 15

‘And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
 ‘That wont on harp to stray,
 ‘A cloak must shear from the slaughter’d deer,
 ‘To keep the cold away.’— 20

—‘O Richard ! if my brother died,
 ‘Twas but a fatal chance ;
 ‘For darkling was the battle tried,
 ‘And fortune sped the lance.

‘If pall and vair no more I wear, 25
 ‘Nor thou the crimson sheen,
 ‘As warm, we’ll say, is russet gray ;
 ‘As gay the forest-green.

‘And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
 ‘And lost thy native land, 30
 ‘Still Alice has her own Richard,
 ‘And be his Alice Brand.’

II.

‘Tis merry, ‘tis merry, in good greenwood,
 So blithe Lady Alice is singing ;
 On the beech’s pride, and oak’s brown side, 35
 Lord Richard’s axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
 Who wonn’d within the hill,—
 Like wind in the porch of a ruin’d church,
 His voice was ghostly shrill. 40

‘Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
 ‘Our moonlight circle’s screen ?

'Or who comes here to chase the deer,
'Beloved of our Elfin Queen ?

'Or who may dare on wold to wear
'The fairies' fatal green ?

'Up, Urgan, up ! to yon mortal hie,
'For thou wert christen'd man :
'For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
'For mutter'd word or ban.

50

'Lay on him the curse of the wither'd heart,
'The curse of the sleepless eye ;
'Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
'Nor yet find leave to die !

III.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
Though the birds have still'd their singing ;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is fagots bringing.

55

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
Before Lord Richard stands,
And as he cross'd and bless'd himself,
'I fear not sign,' quoth the grisly elf,
'That is made with bloody hands.'

60

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear,—
'And if there's blood upon his hand,
'Tis but the blood of deer.'

65

—‘Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood !

‘It cleaves unto his hand,

‘The stain of thine own kindly blood,

70

‘The blood of Ethert Brand.’

Then forward stepp’d she, Alice Brand,

And made the holy sign,—

‘And if there’s blood on Richard’s hand,

75

‘A spotless hand is mine.

‘And I conjure thee, Demon elf,

‘By Him whom Demons fear,

‘To show us whence thou art thyself,

‘And what thine errand here ?’

IV.

—‘Tis merry, ‘tis merry, in Fairy-land,

80

‘When fairy birds are singing,

‘When the court doth ride by their monarch’s side,

‘With bit and bridle ringing :

‘And gaily shines the Fairy land—

85

‘But all is glistening show,

‘Like the idle gleam that December’s beam

‘Can dart on ice and snow.

‘And fading, like that varied gleam,

‘Is our inconstant shape,

‘Who now like knight and lady seem,

90

‘And now like dwarf and ape.

‘It was between the night and day,

‘When the fairy King has power,

'That I sank down in a sinful fray,
 'And' twixt life and death, was snatch'd away 95
 'To the joyless Elfin bower.

'But wist I of a woman bold,
 'Who thrice my brow durst sign,
 'I might regain my mortal mould,
 'As fair a form as thine.' 100

She crosse'd him once—she crosse'd him twice—
 That lady was so brave ;
 The fouler grew his goblin hue,
 The darker grew the cave.

She cross'd him thrice, that lady bold ! 105
 —He rose beneath her hand
 The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
 Her brother, Ethert Brand !

—Merry it is in good greenwood,
 When the mavis and merle are singing ; 110
 But merrier were they in Dunfermline grey
 When all the bells were ringing.

25.—ROSABELLE.

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay !
 No haughtyfeat of arms I tell ;
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

'Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew,
And, gentle lady, deign to stay !
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

'The blackening wave is edged with white ;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

'Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round lady gay ;
Then stay thee, fair, in Ravensheuch
Why cross the gloomy firth to day ?

'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my lady-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If it's not fill'd by Rosabelle.'

—Over Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

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Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud
 Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
 Each baron, for a sable shroud,
 Sheath'd in his iron panoply.

35

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
 Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
 Shone every pillar, foliage-bound,
 And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

40

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
 Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
 So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
 The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
 Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
 Each one the holy vault doth hold,
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

45

And each Saint Clair was buried there
 With candle, with book, and with knell :
 But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
 The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

50

26.—LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
 Cries 'Boatman, do not tarry !
 And I'll give thee a silver pound
 To row us o'er the ferry !'

'Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle
 This dark and stormy weather ?'
 'O I'm the chief of Ulvas isle,
 And this, Lord Ulin's daughter.

'And fast before her father's men
 Three days we've fled together,
 For should he find us in the glen
 My blood would stain the heather.

'His horsemen hard behind us ride—
 Should they our steps discover,
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride ;
 When they have slain her lover ?'

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
 'I'll go, my chief, I'm ready ;
 It is not for your silver bright,
 But for your winsome lady :—

'And by my word ! the bonny bird
 In danger shall not tarry ;
 So, though the waves are raging white,
 I'll row you o'er the ferry.'

By this the storm grew loud apace,
 The water-wraith was shrieking ;
 And in the scowl of Heaven each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
 And as the night grew drearer,
 Adown the glen rode armed men
 Their trampling sounded nearer.

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'O haste thee, haste !' the lady cries,
 'Though tempests round us gather ;
 I'll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father.'

35

The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her,—
 When, O ! too strong for human hand
 The tempest gather'd o'er her.

40

And still they row'd amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing :
 Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
 His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade 45
 His child he did discover :—
 One lovely hand she stretched for aid.
 And one was round her lover.

'Come back ! come back !' he cried in grief,
 'Across this stormy water ; 50
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter !—O my daughter !'

'Twas vain : the loud waves lash'd the shore,
 Return or aid preventing :
 The waters wild went o'er his child, 55
 And he was left lamenting.

 55

27.—LADY CLARE.

It was the time when lilies blow,
 And clouds are highest up in air,
 Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
 To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn ;
 Lovers long betrothed were they ;
 They two will wed the morrow morn ;
 God's blessing on the day.

'He does not love me for my birth,
 Nor for my lands, so broad and fair ;—
 He loves me for my own true worth,
 And that is well,' said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse ;
 Said, 'Who was this that went from thee ?—
 'It was my cousin,' said Lady Clare ;
 'To-morrow he weds with me.'

'O God be thanked !' said Alice the nurse,
 'That all comes round so just and fair ;—
 Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
 And you are not the Lady Clare.'

'Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,'
 Said Lady Clare, 'that ye speak so wild ?—
 'As God's above,' said Alice the nurse,
 'I speak the truth—you are my child.'

'The old Earl's daughter died at my breast—
 I speak the truth, as I live by bread !

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I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead.'

'Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother,' she said, 'if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due.'

'Nay, now, my child,' said Alice the nurse ;
'But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's
When you are man and wife.'

'If I'm a beggar born,' she said,
'I will speak out, for I dare not lie ;—
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by !'

'Nay, now, my child,' said Alice the nurse ;
'But keep the secret all ye can.'—
She said, 'Not so ; but I will know
If there be any faith in man.'

'Nay, now, what faith ?' said Alice the nurse,
'The man will cleave unto his right.'—
'And he shall have it,' the lady replied,
'Though I should die, to-night !'

'Yet give one kiss to your mother dear !
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee.'—
'O mother, mother, mother,' she said,
'So strange it seems to me.'

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Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,—

My mother dear, if this be so ;

And lay your hand upon my head,

55

And bless me, mother, ere I go.'

She clad herself in a russet gown ,

She was no longer Lady Clare :

She went by dale, and she went by down,

60

With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought

Leapt up from where she lay,

Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,

And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower :

65

'O Lady Clare, you shame your worth !

Why come you drest like a village maid,

That are the flower of the earth ?'

'If I come drest like a village maid,

I am but as my fortunes are ;

70

I am a beggar born,' she said,

'And not the Lady Clare.'

'Play me no tricks,' said Lord Ronald,

'For I am yours in word and deed ;—

Play me no tricks,' said Lord Ronald ;

75

'Your riddle is hard to read.'

O, and proudly stood she up !

Her heart within her did not fail ;

She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale. 80

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn ;
He turned and kissed her where she stood :
'If you are not the heiress born,
And I,' said he 'the next in blood—

If you are not the heiress born, 85
And I,' said he, 'the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare.

28.—THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE
INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A trainband captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear, 5
'Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair 10
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister, and my sister's child,
 Myself, and children three,
 Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
 On horseback after we.' 15

He soon replied, 'I do admire
 Of womankind but one,
 And you are she, my dearest dear,
 Therefore it shall be done. 20

I am a linen-draper bold,
 As all the world doth know,
 And my good friend the Calender
 Will lend his horse to go.'

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, 'That's well said ;
 And for that wine is dear,
 We will be furnish'd with our own,
 Which is both bright and clear.'

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife ;
 O'erjoyed was he to find
 That, though on pleasure she was bent,
 She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
 But yet was not allow'd
 To drive up to the door, lest all
 Should say that she was proud. 35

So, three doors off the chaise was stay'd
 Where they did all get in ;
 Six precious souls, and all agog
 To dash through thick and thin. 40

Smack went the whip, round went the wheel's,
 Were never folk so glad ;
 The stones did rattle underneath
 As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin, at his horse's side
 Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,
 And up he got, in haste to ride,—
 But soon came down again ;

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
 His journey to begin,
 When, turning round his head, he saw
 Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time
 Although it grieved him sore,
 Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
 Would trouble him much more.

"Twas long before the customers
 Were suited to their mind,
 When Betty, screaming, came downstairs
 'The wine is left behind !'

"Good luck ! quoth he—'yet bring it me,
 My leathern belt likewise,
 In which I bear my trusty sword
 When I do exercise.'

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)
 Had two stone bottles found,
 To hold the liquor that she lov'd,
 And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
 Through which the belt he drew,
 And hung a bottle on each side,
 To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
 Equipp'd from top to toe,
 His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
 He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
 Upon his nimble steed,
 Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
 With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
 Beneath his well-shod feet,
 The snorting beast began to trot,
 Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, 'Fair and softly !' John he cried.
 But John he cried in vain ;
 That trot became a gallop soon,
 In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
 Who cannot sit upright,
 He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
 And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
 Had handled been before,
 What thing upon his back had got
 Did wonder more and more.

70

75

80

85

90

95

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;
 Away went hat and wig !
 He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.

100

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
 Like streamer long and gay,
 Till, loop and button failing both,
 At last it flew away !

Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had slung ;
 A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.

105

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
 Up flew the windows all ;
 And every soul cried out, 'Well done !'
 As loud as he could bawl.

110

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
 His fame soon spread around,
 'He carries weight ! he rides a race !
 'Tis for a thousand pound !

115

And still, as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view
 How in a trice the turnpike men
 Their gates wide open threw.

120

And now, as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
 The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road, 125
 Most piteous to be seen ;
 Which made his horse's flanks to smoke,
 As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight, 130
 With leathern girdle braced ;
 For all might see the bottle-necks
 Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
 These gambols he did play,
 Until he came unto the Wash 135
 Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the Wash about
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like unto a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play. 140

At Edmonton his loving wife
 From the balcony spied
 Her tender husband, wond'ring much
 To see how he did ride.

'Stop, stop, John Gilpin !—Here's the house,' 145
 They all at once did cry ;
 'The dinner waits, and we are tired :'
 Said Gilpin—'So am I !'

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclin'd to tarry there ; 150
 For why ?—his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
 Shot by an archer strong ;
 So did he fly—which brings me to
 The middle of my song.

155

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 Till at his friend the Calender's
 His horse at last stood still.

160.

The Calender, amazed to see
 His neighbour in such trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate.
 And thus accosted him :

'What news ? what news ? your tidings tell ;
 Tell me you must and shall—
 Say why bare-headed you are come,
 Or why you come at all !'

165

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
 And lov'd a timely joke ;
 And thus unto the Calender
 In merry guise he spoke :

170

'I came because your horse would come ;
 And, if I well forebode,
 My hat and wig will soon be here,—
 They are upon the road.'

175

The Calender, right glad to find
 His friend in merry pin,
 Return'd him not a single word,
 But to the house went in ;

180

Whence straight he came with hat and wig :
 A wig that flow'd behind,
 A hat not much the worse for wear,—
 Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn 185

Thus showed his ready wit ;
 'My head is twice as big as yours,
 They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away
 That hangs upon your face ; 190
 And stop and eat, for well you may
 Be in a hungry case.'

Said John, 'It is my wedding-day,
 And all the world would stare
 If wife should dine at Edmonton,
 And I should dine at Ware.' 195

So, turning to his horse, he said,
 'I am in haste to dine ;
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 You shall go back for mine.' 200

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !
 For which he paid full dear ;
 For while he spake, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear :

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
 Had heard a lion roar,
 And gallop'd off with all his might,
 As he had done before. 205

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig ; 210
 He lost them sooner than at first,
 For why ?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
 Her husband posting down 215
 Into the country far away,
 She pull'd out half-a-crown ;
 And thus unto the youth she said
 That drove them to the Bell,
 'This shall be yours, when you bring back
 My husband safe and well.' 220

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
 John coming back amain :
 Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
 By catching at his rein ;
 But not performing what he meant, 225
 And gladly would have done,
 The frightened steed he frightened more,
 And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went post-boy at his heels, 230
 The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
 The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear, 235
 They raised the hue and cry ;—

'Stop thief ! Stop theif—highwayman !'

Not one of them was mute ;

And all and each that pass'd that way

Did join in the pursuit.

240

And now the turnpike gates again

Flew open in short space,

The toll-men thinking as before,

That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,

245

For he got first to town ;

Nor stopp'd till where he first got up,

He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the King !

And Gilpin long live he !

250

And, when he next doth ride abroad,

May I be there to see !

29.—MABEL ON MIDSUMMER DAY.

PART I.

'ARISE, my maiden Mabel,'

The mother said, 'arise,

For the golden sun of midsummer

Is shining in the skies !

Arise, my little maiden,

For thou must speed away

To wait upon thy grandmother

The livelong summer day ;

5

And thou must carry with thee
 This wheaten cake so fine, 10
 This new-made pat of butter,
 And this little flask of wine.

And tell the dear old^rgranny
 This day I cannot come,
 For thy father went out yesterday, 15
 And is not yet come home.

And more than this, poor Amy
 Upon my knee doth lie ;
 I fear me, with this fever-pain
 The precious child will die ! 20

And thou canst help thy grandmother—
 The table thou canst spread,
 Canst feed the little dog and bird,
 And thou canst make her bed ;

And thou canst fetch the water 25
 From the holy-well hard by ;
 And thou canst gather in the wood
 The faggots brown and dry ;

Canst go down into lonesome glen
 And milk the mother-ewe : 30
 This is the work, my Mabel,
 That thou wilt have to do.

But listen now, my Mabel,
 This is Midsummer day,
 When all the fairy-people 35
 From Elf-land come away.

And when thou art in lonesome glen,
 Lest mischief should befall,
 Think only of poor Amy
 And how thou lov'st us all.

40

Yet keep good heart, my Mabel,
 If thou the fairies see,
 And give them kindly answer,
 If they should speak to thee.

And when into the fir-wood
 Thou go'st for faggots brown,
 Do not, like idle children,
 Go wandering up and down ;

45

But fill thy little apron,
 My child, with earnest speed,
 And that thou break no living bough
 Within the wood, take heed.

50

For they are spiteful brownies
 Who in the wood abide,
 So be thou careful of this thing
 Lest evil should betide.

55

But think not, little Mabel,
 Whilst thou art in the wood,
 Of dwarfish, wilful brownies,
 But of the Father good.

60

And when thou goest to the spring
 To fetch the water thence,
 Do not disturb the little stream,
 Lest this should give offence.

For the queen of all the fairies
She loves that water bright ; 65
I've seen her drinking there myself
On many a summer night.

But she's a gracious lady,
And her thou need'st not fear ; 70
Only disturb thou not the stream,
Nor spill the water clear !'

"Now all this I will heed, mother,
Will no word disobey,
And wait upon the grandmother
The livelong summer day." 75

PART II.

Away tripped little Mabel
With the wheaten cake so fine,
The new-made pat of butter,
And the little flask of wine,
And long before the sun was hot
And morning mists had cleared,
Beside the good old grandmother
The willing child appeared.
And all her mother's message
She told with right good will,
How that her father was away,
And the little child was ill.
And then she swept the hearth up clean,
And then the table spread,

And next she fed the dog and bird,
And then she made the bed.

15.

‘Now go, child,’ said the grandmother,
‘Ten paces down the dell,
And bring up water for the day :
Thou know’st the holy-well !

20.

The first time that good Mabel went,
Nothing at all saw she
Except a bird—a sky-blue bird—
That sat upon a tree.

The next time that good Mabel went,
There sat a lady bright
Beside the well : a lady small,
All clothed in green and white.

25.

A curtsey low made Mabel,
And then she stooped and filled
Her pitcher at the sparkling spring,
But not a drop she spilled.

30.

“Thou art a handy maiden,”
The fairy lady said,
“Thou hast not spilled a drop, nor yet
The fair spring troubled !

35.

And for this thing which thou hast done,
Yet may’st not understand,
Thou shalt possess a better gift
Than houses or than land.

40.

Thou shalt do right whate’er thou dost,
As thou hast done this day ;

Shalt have the will and power to please,
And shalt be loved alway!"

Thus having said, she passed from sight, 45
And nought could Mabel see
Except the bird—the sky-blue bird—
That sat upon the tree.

"And now go," said the grandmother,
"And fetch in faggots dry 50
From out the neighbouring fir-wood;
Beneath the trees they lie."

Away went cheerful Mabel
Into the fir-wood near,
Where all the ground was dry and brown, 55
And the grass grew thin and sere.

She did not wander up and down,
Nor yet a live branch pull;
But steadily of the fallen boughs
She picked her apron full. 60

And when the wild wood-brownies
Came sliding into her mind,
She drove them thence, as she was told,
By home thoughts sweet and kind.

But all that while the brownies 65
Within the fir-wood still,
They watched her how she picked the wood
And strove to do no ill.

"And oh, but she is small and neat!"
Said one, "'twere shame to spite 70

A creature so demure and meek,
A creature harmless quite!"

"Look only," said another,
"At her little gown of blue,
At the kerchief pinned about her head, 75
And at her tiny shoe!"

"Nay, but she is a comely child!"
Said a third, "and we will lay
A good-luck penny in her path,
A boon for her this day, 80
Because she broke no living wood,
No live thing did affray."

With that the smallest penny
Of the finest silver ore
Upon the dry and slippery path 85
Lay Mabel's feet before.

With joy she picked the penny up,
The fairy-penny good,
And with her faggots dry and brown
Went quickly from the wood. 90

"Now she has that," said the brownies,
"Let flax be ever so dear,
Will buy her clothes of the very best,
For many and many a year!"

"And now go," said the grandmother, 95
"Since falling is the dew,
Go now into the lonesome glen
And milk the mother-ewe!"

All down into the lonesome glen
 Through copses thick and wild, 100
 Through moist rank grass, by trickling streams,
 Went on the willing child.

And when she came to lonesome glen,
 She kept beside the barn,
 And neither plucked the strawberry flower, 105
 Nor broke the lady-fern.

And whilst she milked the mother-ewe
 Within the lonesome glen,
 She wished that little Amy
 Were strong and well again. 110

And soon as she had wished the wise,
 She heard a coming sound,
 As if a thousand fairy-folk
 Were gathering all around.

And then she heard a little voice, 115
 Shrill as the midge's wing,
 That spoke aloud, "A human child
 Is here—yet mark this thing !

'The lady-fern is all unbroke,
 The strawberry flower unta'en ! 120
 What shall be done for her who still
 From mischief can refrain ?'

"Give her a fairy-cake," said one ;
 "Grant her a wish," said three,
 "The latest wish which she has wish'd," 125
 Said all, "whate'er it be !"

Kind Mabel heard the word they said,
 And from the lonesome glen
 Unto the good old grandmother
 Went gladly back again. 130

Thus happened it to Mabel
 On that Midsummer day,
 And these three fairy-blessings
 She took with her away.

'Tis good to make all duty sweet, 135
 To be alert and kind—
 'Tis good, like little Mabel,
 To have a willing mind !

30.—BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
 Clear in the cool September morn,
 The clustered spires of Frederick stand
 Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep, 5
 Apple and peach tree fruited deep,
 Fair as a garden of the Lord
 To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
 When Lee marched over the mountain wall,— 10
 Over the mountains winding down,
 Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
 Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind : the sun 15
Of noon looked down, and saw not one !

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down. 20

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right 25
He glanced ; the old flag met his sight.
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast,
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash. 30
Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf ;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, 35
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of leader came ;
The noble nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word : 40

"Who touches a hair of you gray head
Dies like a dog. March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night. 50
Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honour to her ! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.
Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law ;
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town !

31.—HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
"Good speed !" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew ;
"Speed !" echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest, 5
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right, 10
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

"Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ; 15
At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time !"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one, 20
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.
And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back 25
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance ;
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on. 30

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, "Stay spur !
"Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
"We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank, 35
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
 Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
 The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh
 'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like
 chaff

40

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
 And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
 Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
 And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
 Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
 With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
 And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each hostler let fall,
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
 Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
 Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer,
 Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
 good,
 Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
 As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news from
 Ghent.

60

32.—ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

ANDROCLES from his injur'd lord, in dread
 Of instant death, to Lybia's desert fled.
 Tir'd with his toilsome flight, and parch'd with heat,
 He spied, at length, a cavern's cool retreat.
 But scarce had giv'n to rest his weary frame, 5
 When, hugest of his kind, a lion came :
 He roar'd approaching ; but the savage din
 To plaintive murmurs chang'd—arriv'd within,
 And with expressive looks, his lifted paw
 Presenting, aid implor'd from whom he saw ; 10
 The fugitive, through terror at a stand,
 Dar'd not awhile afford his trembling hand,
 But bolder grown at length, inherent found
 A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound,
 The cure was wrought ; he wip'd the sanguous blood, 15
 And firm and free from pain the lion stood.
 Again he seeks the wild, and day by day
 Regales his inmate with the parted prey ;
 Nor he disdains the dole, though unprepar'd,
 Spread on the ground, and with a lion shar'd. 20
 But thus to live—still lost, sequester'd still—
 Scarce seem'd his lord's revenge a heavier ill.
 Home, native home !—Oh might he but repair !
 He must, he will, though death attends him there.
 He goes, and doom'd to perish, on the sands 25
 Of the full theatre unpitied stands !
 When lo ! the self-same lion from his cage
 Flies to devour him, famish'd into rage.

He flies, but viewing in his purpos'd prey
 The man, his healer, pauses on his way,
 And soften'd by remembrance into sweet
 And kind composure, crouches at his feet.

30

Mute with astonishment th' assembly gaze ;
 But why, ye Romans ? Whence your mute amaze ?
 All this is nat'ral :—nature bade him rend
 An enemy ; she bids him spare a friend.

35

33.—THE ANGEL'S STORY.

THROUGH the blue and frosty heavens
 Christmas stars were shining bright ;
 Glistening lamps throughout the city
 Almost matched their gleaming light ;
 While the winter snow was lying,
 And the winter winds were sighing,
 Long ago, one Christmas night.

5

While, from every tower and steeple,
 Pealing bells were sounding clear,
 (Never with such tones of gladness,
 Save when Christmas time is near),
 Many a one that night was merry
 Who had toiled through all the year.

10

That night saw old wrongs forgiven,
 Friends, long-parted, reconciled ;
 Voices all unused to laughter—
 Mournful eyes that rarely smiled—
 Trembling hearts that feared the morrow—
 From their anxious thoughts beguiled.

15

Rich and poor felt love and blessing

20

From the gracious season fall—

Joy and plenty in the cottage,

Peace and feasting in the hall ;

And the voices of the children

Ringing clear above it all.

25

Yet one house was dim and darkened :

Gloom and sickness and despair

Dwelling in the gilded chambers,

Creeping up the marble stair,

Even stilled the voice of mourning—

30

For a child lay dying there.

Silken curtains fell around him,

Velvet carpets hushed the tread ;

Many costly toys were lying

All unheeded by his bed ;

And his tangled golden ringlets

Were on downy pillows spread.

35

The skill of all that mighty City

To save one little life was vain—

One little thread from being broken,

40

One fatal word from being spoken ;

Nay, his very mother's pain,

And the mighty love within her

Could not give him health again.

So she knelt there still beside him—

45

She alone with strength to smile—

Promising that he should suffer

No more in a little while ;

Murmuring tender song and story
Weary hours to beguile.

50

Suddenly an unseen Presence
Checked those constant moaning cries,
Stilled the little heart's quick flutterings,
Raised those blue and wondering eyes—
Fixed on some mysterious vision
With a startled sweet surprise ;

55

For a radiant angel hovered
Smiling o'er the little bed.
White his raiment : from his shoulders
Snowy dove-like pinions spread,
And a star-like light was shining
In a glory round his head.

60

While, with tender love, the angel—
Leaning o'er the little nest,
In his arms the sick child folding—
Laid him gently on his breast :
Sobs and wailings told the mother
That her darling was at rest.

65

So the angel, slowly rising,
Spread his wings, and through the air
Bore the child ; and while he held him
To his heart with loving care,
Placed a branch of living roses
Tenderly beside him there.

70

While the child, thus clinging, floated
Towards the mansions of the blest,

75

Gazing from his shining guardian
 To the flowers upon his breast,
 Thus the angel spake, still smiling
 On the little heavenly guest :

80

"Know, dear little one, that Heaven
 Does no earthly thing disdain ;
 Man's poor joys find there an echo
 Just as surely as his pain ;
 Love, on earth so feebly striving,
 Lives divine in Heaven again.

85

"Once, in that great town below us,
 In a poor and narrow street,
 Dwelt a little sickly orphan ;
 Gentle aid, or pity sweet,
 Never in life's rugged pathway
 Guided his poor tottering feet.

90

'All the striving anxious forethought,
 That should only come with age,
 Weighed upon his baby-spirit,
 Shewed him soon life's sternest page ;
 Grim Want was his nurse, and Sorrow
 Was his only heritage.

95

"All too weak for childish pastimes,
 Drearly the hours sped ;
 On his hands so small and trembling
 Leaning his poor aching head,
 Or through dark and painful hours
 Lying sleepless on his bed ;

100

“Dreaming strange and longing fancies
Of cool forests far away ;
And of rosy, happy children
Laughing merrily at play,
Coming home through green lanes, bearing
Trailing boughs of blooming may. 110

“Scarce a glimpse of azure heaven
Gleamed above that narrow street,
And the sultry air of summer
(That you call so warm and sweet)
Fevered the poor orphan, dwelling
In the crowded alley's heat. 115

“One bright day, with feeble footsteps
Slowly forth he tried to crawl
Through the crowded city's pathways,
Till he reached a garden-wall ;
Where, 'mid princely halls and mansions,
Stood the lordliest of all. 120

“There were trees with giant branches,
Velvet glades where shadows hide ;
There were sparkling fountains glancing—
Flowers, which in luxuriant pride,
Even wafted breaths of perfume
To the child who stood outside. 125

“He against the gate of iron
Pressed his wan and wistful face,
Gazing with an awe-struck pleasure
At the glories of the place ;
Never had his brightest day-dream
Shone with half such wondrous grace. 130

You were playing in that garden, 135

Throwing blossoms in the air,
Laughing when the petals floated
Downwards on your golden hair,
And the fond eyes watching o'er you,
And the splendour spread before you
Told a House's hope was there.

When your servants, tired of seeing
Such a face of want and woe,

Turning to the ragged orphan,
Gave him coin and bade him go,
Down his cheeks so thin and wasted
Bitter tears began to flow.

But that look of childish sorrow
On your tender child-heart fell,
And you plucked the reddest roses
From the tree you loved so well—
Passed them through the stern, cold grating,
Gently bidding him 'Farewell !'

Dazzled by the fragrant treasure
And the gentle voice he heard,
In the poor forlorn boy's spirit
Joy, the sleeping seraph, stirred ;
In his hand he took the flowers,
In his heart the loving word.

So he crept to his poor garret— 160
Poor no more, but rich and bright ;
For the holy dream of childhood—
Love and Hope and Rest and Light—

Floated round the orphan's pillow
Through the starry summer night.

165

Day dawned, yet the visions lasted ;
All too weak to rise he lay ;
Did he dream that none spake harshly—
All were strangely kind that day ?
Surely then his treasured roses
Must have charmed all ills away !

170

And he smiled, though they were fading ;
One by one their leaves were shed.
'Such bright things could never perish ;
They would bloom again,' he said.
When the next day's sun had risen,
Child and flowers both were dead.

175

Know, dear little one, our Father
Will no gentle deed disdain ;
Love on the cold earth beginning
Lives divine in Heaven again ;
While the gentle hearts that beat there
Still all tender thoughts retain."

180

So the angel ceased, and gently
O'er his little burthen leant,
While the child gazed from the shining
Loving eyes that o'er him bent
To the blooming roses by him,
Wondering what that mystery meant.

185

Thus the radiant angel answered,
And with tender meaning smiled :

190

'Ere your childlike loving spirit
 Sin and the hard world defiled,
 God has given me leave to seek you,
 I was once that little child !

195

* * * *

In the churchyard of that city
 Rose a tomb of marble rare,
 Decked, as soon as Spring awakened,
 With her buds and blossoms fair ;
 And a humble grave beside it—
 No one knew who rested there.

200

34.—THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE

OTHERE, the old sea-captain,
 Who dwelt in Helgoland,
 To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
 Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
 Which he held in his brown right hand.

5

His figure was tall and stately,
 Like a boy's his eye appeared ;
 His hair was yellow as hay,
 But threads of a silvery gray
 Gleamed in his tawny beard.

10

Hearty and hale was Othere,
 His cheek had the colour of oak :
 With a kind of laugh in his speech,
 Like the sea-tide on a beach,
 As unto the King he spoke.

15

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
 Had a book upon his knees,
 And wrote down the wondrous tale
 Of him who was first to sail
 Into the Arctic seas.

20

So far I live to the northward,
 No man lives north of me ;
 To the east are wild mountain-chains,
 And beyond them meres and plains ;
 To the westward all is sea.

25

So far I live to the northward,
 From the harbour of Skeringeshale,
 If you only sailed by day,
 With a fair wind all the way,
 More than a month would you sail.

30

I own six hundred reindeer,
 With sheep and swine beside ;
 I have tribute from the Finns,
 Whalebone and reindeer-skins,
 And ropes of walrus-hide.

35

I ploughed the land with horses,
 But my heart was ill at ease,
 For the old seafaring men
 Came to me now and then,
 With their sagas of the seas—

40

Of Iceland and of Greenland,
 And the stormy Hebrides,
 And the undiscovered deep :—

Oh, I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas.

45

To the northward stretched the desert,
How far I fain would know ;
So at last I sailed forth,
And three days sailed due north,
As far as the whale-ships go.

50

To the west of me was the ocean,
To the right the desolate shore ;
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale,
Till after three days more.

55

The days grew longer and longer.
Till they became as one,
And northward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red midnight sun.

60

And then uprose before me,
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,
Whose form is like a wedge.

65

The sea was rough and stormy,
The tempest howled and wailed,
And the sea-fog like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast ;
But onward still I sailed.

70

Four days I steered to eastward,
 Four days without a night :
 Round in a fiery ring
 Went the great sun, O King,
 With red lurid light.'

75

Here Alfred King of the Saxons,
 Ceased writing for a while ;
 And raised his eyes from his book,
 With a strange and puzzled look,
 And an incredulous smile.

80

But Othere, the old sea-captain,
 He neither paused nor stirred,
 Till the King listened and then
 Once more took up his pen,
 And wrote down every word.

85

And now the land', said Othere,
 'Bent southward suddenly,
 And I followed the curving shore
 And ever southward bore
 Into a nameless sea.

90

And there we hunted the walrus,
 The narwhale, and the seal ;
 Ha ! 'twas a noble game !
 And like the lightning's flame
 Flew our harpoons of steel.

95

There were six of us all together,
 Norsemen of Helgoland ;

In two days and no more
We killed of them three score,
And dragged them to the strand !' 100

Here Alfred the Truth-Teller
Suddenly closed his book,
And lifted his blue eyes,
With doubt and strange surmise
Depicted in their look. 105

And Othere, the old sea-captain,
Stared at him wild and weird,
Then smiled till his shining teeth
Gleamed white from underneath
His tawny, quivering beard. 110

And to the King of the Saxons,
In witness of the truth,
Raising his noble head,
He stretched his brown hand, and said,
'Behold this walrus-tooth !' 115

SPECIMENS OF SUBSTANCE-WRITING.

No. 1. BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

Belshazzar, King of Babylonia, attended by all his high officials, was holding a stately festival, in which the guests drank wine from golden cups, the spoil of the Jewish Temple. His triumph was brief ; for there and then the fingers of a man's hand appeared and wrote an inscription on the wall, at the sight of which Belshazzar turned pale with fright. Upon his commanding his wise men to interpret the writing, they all, in spite of their skill, failed to do so. A poor Jewish captive alone was able to read it and explain its purport, which was that Belshazzar was doomed, and that the kingdom should be taken from him and given to the Medes and Persians. The very next morning this prophecy was fulfilled.

No. 4. CASABIANCA.

During a sea fight Casabianca, the son of the captain of a battleship was the last survivor on deck. The ship had caught fire, his father lay dying below, the rest had all fled from the flames ; but young Casabianca was too loyal to desert his post without his father's order. Standing heroically there, alone among the corpses of the slain, he called to ask if he had permission to go ; but no answer came from his unconscious father. Twice more he called aloud, as the wreathing flames crept

nearer to him, and rolled upwards through masts and rigging ; but still the boy kept his post, till with a thunder-crash the vessel blew up, and nothing was left but the bare hull and fragments of wreckage. Nobler than that noble ship, the boy had perished !

No. 7. LUCY GRAY.

Lucy Gray lived alone with her parents in a cottage on a moor. One winter afternoon her father sent her with a lantern to fetch her mother home from the neighbouring town. A snow-storm came on, and Lucy lost her way. The distracted parents searched for her all night in vain ; and returning at daybreak, the mother caught sight of Lucy's foot prints in the snow. These they tracked till the marks suddenly stopped in the middle of a bridge across a deep brook near their cottage. Evidently Lucy had slipped from the narrow plank and been drowned. People still cherish the superstition that a phantom child can be seen moving about and heard singing in that lonely neighbourhood.

No. 10. THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

One bright spring day Sir Ralph, the pirate, lay becalmed near the Inchcape Rock. Over this dangerous spot the Abbot of Aberbrothok had anchored a bell-buoy, for whose warning sound in time of storm the sailors often blessed him. Noticing this buoy in the distance, Sir Ralph, in malicious merriment, made his men row him thither ; he then cut the bell loose, which sank into the sea. "The next sailor that comes here will not bless the Abbot," said Sir Ralph. After months of successful piracy, he was returning to Scotland, when he lost his way in a thick fog. There was no breeze and his ship was helplessly drifting with the current, no one knew

whither, till they heard the breakers roar, and suddenly crashed on the fatal Rock. Thus perished Sir Ralph, cursing himself for his folly.

No. 13. THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

A slave lay asleep in the rice-field where he had been working. In his dreams he lived his old free life over again, when he had been the king of a tribe on the banks of the Niger. Once more he saw his wife and children, and then, royally accoutred, he rode over the familiar plains, chasing the flamingo all day till towards nightfall the distant sea met his view, and finding himself among the haunts of the lion, the hyena, and the hippopotamus, he exulted in the wild freedom of the jungle, till he smiled in his dreams. And then merciful death came to him and he was a slave no more.

No. 15. NAPOLEON AND THE SAILOR.

When Napoleon's threatened invasion from Boulogne had roused England to arms, it chanced that an English sailor was taken prisoner by the French. Allowed to go about on the shore, he daily watched with homesick longing the white cliffs of Dover, and thought anything would be better than staying where he was. One morning spying an empty hogshead floating to the shore, he hid it in a cave, and working all day at it, was for putting to sea in this miserable, sailless and rudderless craft. But he was caught by the jeering Frenchmen and brought before Napoleon. Whereupon the latter asked him if it was not love for some British lass that had induced him to run such a risk. The lad replied that "it was his old mother that he longed to see again." "And see her you shall," answered Napoleon; "she must be a noble woman to have so brave a son." Accordingly he gave the

sailor a gold piece, and sent him home under a flag of truce. No matter to what shifts this sailor lad was afterwards reduced, he never spent the coin Napoleon had given him.

No. 18. VOGELWEID.

Vogelweid, the minnesinger, left all his property to the Abbey of Wurzburg on condition that he should be buried in the Cathedral precincts, and that every day the choir boys should feed the birds by his tomb, since he had learned his minstrel's art from those feathered songsters. This custom was duly kept up for many years after Vogelwied's death, so that whenever the bells pealed at noon, the whole region was filled with a winged multitude whose clamours seemed a renewal of that *War of Warzburg* which the dead poet had fought. At length the Abbot began to grumble at this waste of food, and changed the benefaction into a dole of loaves for the monks. The birds daily clamoured; but the old custom was never revived, and has now faded into a mere legend; the tomb is indistinguishable; but the sweet bird-songs echoing round the Cathedral still seem to chant the story of Vogelweid.

No. 20. BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Nelson sailed northwards to fight the whole navy of Denmark under her Prince's command. At ten o'clock on an April morning our admiral's flag gave the signal for attack, as the Danish fleet slowly drifted into line. But the English van boldly sailed forward to meet them; and, at the captain's shout, poured a broadside on the enemy. Thick clouds of smoke enveloped the ships, and the cannonade was kept up, till the Danish fire slackened and ceased, and their ships had either lowered their flags or been set on fire. The victorious

admiral spared his foemen, but insisted on the surrehder of their fleet. The cessation of hostilities was a welcome relief to Denmark, though the people bewailed the havoc that had been wrought. In England the news was received with illuminations and festivity, tempered only by sorrow for the many gallant sailors that lie with their leader Riou beneath the waves at Elsinore.

No. 22. THE CUMBERLAND.

The war-sloop *Cumberland* lay anchored in Hampton Roads, where the crew could hear the drums in the fort across the bay, or the bugles of the camp on shore. Southwards a feathery pillar of smoke showed that the enemy's iron-clad was steadily advancing against our wooden ship. Like a floating fortress she came on, and gave us a broadside; the *Cumberland*'s guns defiantly replied, but her shot flew off from the great ship's iron-plated sides, as hail rebounds from a slate roof. The rebels called upon the *Cumberland* to surrender: but Morris, her captain, shouted back his refusal amid the cheers of his men. Upon this the iron-clad rammed our ship, which sank, a mangled wreck, fighting to the last.

On the following morning, which was a Sunday, the *Cumberland*'s flag still floated above the water in the sunlight, while each soft breeze seemed like a requiem for the dead. But so long as America's sons remain as true-hearted as the heroes of the *Cumberland*, no rebellion will be possible.

No. 24. ALICE BRAND.

Sir Richard was living the life of an outlaw in the forest with his wife Alice Brand. For food and clothing Sir Richard hunted the deer, and to fence and warm their cave he felled

the forest beeches. In spite of these hardships they were happy in their free out-of-door life, but one remorseful memory weighed on Sir Richard's heart: on the night when he had eloped with his bride, her brother in the chance-medley had been slain by Sir Richard's lance. This was the cause of his banishment; and but for this his forest life would have been a merry one. The Fairy King, however, took umbrage at these intruders on his domain, and sent a demon dwarf, named Urgan, to lay a spell on Sir Richard that should make his life one endless, incurable misery. Urgan was chosen for this errand because, having formerly been a Christened human being, he would not fear the sign of the Cross. One evening, as Sir Richard was bringing home faggot to his cave and Alice was tending their fire, this imp suddenly confronted him, and when Sir Richard tried to protect himself with the holy sign, Urgan defied him; for such sign made by a hand guilty of murder was of no avail. Then Alice boldly interposed and declared that her husband's hand was stained only by the blood of the deer. The imp told her she lied, for Sir Richard had killed her brother Ethert Brand. Thereupon Alice made the Sign of the Cross with her own innocent hand, and thus compelled the demon to declare who he was and why he had come. Thus adjured, Urgan told his story. He was now one of the retinue of the Fairy King. Their life was a glittering show of merriment, but it was all hollow and unreal. He had come under the Fairy King's enchantment through having been mortally wounded in a sinful night brawl. But if he could find a woman brave enough to sign his brow thrice with the Sign of the Cross, he would regain his human shape. Alice fearlessly traced the Cross on Urgan's brow, once and again, though each time he became more diabolically ugly and the cave grew darker; but the moment

she made the third sign he rose up, a handsome gentleman, her brother, Ethert Brand ! The three returned to her home in Dunfermline amidst universal rejoicings.

No. 28. JOHN GILPIN.

John Gilpin was a prosperous linen-draper of London, who for twenty years of married life had never taken a holiday from business. Upon the anniversary of his wedding his wife suggested that they should spend the day in a trip to Edmonton, and dine there at the Bell Inn. She herself, her three children, her sister, and niece would go in a chaise and pair ; her husband should ride ; and they would take their own home-made wine with them to save expense. John Gilpin, pleased with his wife's thriftiness, agreed to her proposal, the more readily as he could borrow a horse from his friend the Calender. Next day the six started in the chaise and John was just mounting his horse, when three customers came to the shop, who detained him a long time. It was then discovered that the wine had been forgotten ; so he slung the two stone bottles from his military belt (he was a captain in the train-bands), one on each side, covering them with his cloak. Thus attired, he rode slowly along stony Cheapside ; but, as soon as the road became smoother the horse began to trot and then to gallop. Gilpin clung desperately to the mane, thus frightening his horse into a wilder gallop. His hat blew off, then his wig, and then his cloak ; and the stone bottles thus displayed made him look like a jockey who has to carry a certain weight for a handicap. Under this delusion, he was lustily cheered by the whole populace, and the turnpike men flung open their gates before him. The bottles, swinging behind him, soon broke against each other, and the wine streamed down ; but the bottle-necks

still looked like a racer's make-weights. In this absurd fashion he galloped through Islington and Edmonton, heedless apparently of his wife's outcries, as she watched him from the inn balcony ; until at length the horse came to a standstill at its owner's house at Ware, ten miles further on. The Calender hurried out, full of questions ; but Gilpin made a jest of the whole matter ; and the delighted Calender brought out a hat and wig for Gilpin to wear, and wanted him to stay to dinner. This of course Gilpin refused, as his wife was waiting for him at Edmonton. As he remounted, unluckily an ass began to bray, which so frightened the horse that it galloped off as fast as ever. Now Mrs. Gilpin had promised the post-boy half-a crown if he would bring her husband safely back. Accordingly the youth tried to catch Gilpin's rein as he galloped past ; but missing, only frightened the runaway horse into a wilder gallop. Six gentlemen, riding along that way, seeing a bareheaded man apparently fleeing for his life with a post-boy trying to overtake him, jumped to the conclusion that it was a runaway thief or highwayman, and so joined in the chase, as did every horseman they met on the road. The turnpike men supposed, as before, that Gilpin was finishing his wager, and threw the gates open for him ; and indeed he won the race, for he reached his own door before any of his pursuers. And so, God save the King and John Gilpin.

No. 30. BARBARA FRIETCHIE,

The town of Frederick in Maryland, surrounded as it was by ripe cornfields and fruitful orchards, looked tempting enough to the half-starved rebel army that marched into it that autumn morning. Upon the approach of the enemy, all the many national flags were lowered ; but an old woman

of ninety, Barbara Frietchie, took one of these flags and set it up, in defiant loyalty, in her own Attic window. When the rebel leader, Stonewall Jackson, marched by, he noticed the flag and bade his troops fire at it. As the flag fell riddled with shot Barbara snatched it and waved it at arm's length over the troops, bidding them shoot at her rather than at their country's flag. Stung with shame the rebel leader bade his men leave her unharmed ; so that from noon till sunset this one loyal flag waved over the rebel army marching through the town.

No. 32. ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

A slave, name Androcles, ran away from his master to escape the punishment of death. He took shelter in a cave in the Lybian desert ; but was soon terrified by the entrance of a roaring lion, which, however, on seeing him, held up a wounded paw. Recovering his courage, Androcles examined the paw, and pulled out a deeply fixed thorn. The lion, thus freed from pain, resumed his usual habits ; but every day brought what he killed and shared it with his benefactor. But Androcles grew so weary of this unnatural life that he returned to his master ; by whom he was sent to the circus to be devoured by wild beasts at a gladiatorial show. When a half-starved lion rushed out to devour him, to the astonishment of the spectators, it suddenly stopped and fawned at the feet of its destined victim. It spared him ; and no wonder, for it turned out to be the identical beast which had so strangely become the fugitive slave's companion and friend.

NO. 33. THE ANGEL'S STORY.

It was Christmas night, and throughout the City there was general rejoicing ; toilers made merry ; mourners forgot their sorrow ; children laughed and sang ; among rich and poor alike spread a spirit of reconciliation, forgiveness, and peace. But one stately mansion was pervaded with silent

grief; for there, amid luxurious surroundings, a beautiful boy lay dying inspite of all the doctor's skill, while his mother tenderly soothed the pain of one she would have given everything to save. Suddenly an Angel, with snow-white wings and bright aureole, came to the child, and folding him in his bosom, floated upwards to heaven. As they rose, the Angel placed a branch of fresh roses on the child's breast, and told him his own story to explain the gift. "All the joy and love that is found on earth lives and grows into perfect beauty in heaven. Once upon a time, in a miserable garret in the city now below us, lived a poor sickly orphan. He had no happy childhood; he met with nothing but hardship, sickness, and misery, except in fevered dreams when he imagined himself in cool lovely woodlands among children at play. Once he managed to crawl out through the streets until he came to a beautiful garden, shut in by an iron gate, through which he watched a beautiful child playing with flowers. But the servants in charge of this child came to the gate, gave the orphan some money, and told him to be off. Almost broken-hearted he turned to go; but the rich child felt sorry for him, picked the finest roses from his favourite tree, and placed them in the orphan's hands as he bade him good-bye. This kind gift cheered the orphan's heart, and filled his dreams that night with peaceful delight. Even in the morning when his roses began to fade, he felt sure they would blossom again. On the day following he died and the flowers were dead too. But he was quite right, as I will explain to you. I was that orphan child, who am now an Angel and the roses in your bosom are the roses you gave me, and our heavenly Father has sent me to take you with me through the dark gate of Death into the joyful Paradise of God beyond it."

Two graves stand side by side in that City churchyard: one a marble monument, always kept bright with flowers: the other a humble, nameless grave. .

SPECIMENS OF
PARAPHRASING.

No. 2. THE PARROT.

Ll. 9-16. To spicy groves...golden eye.

This parrot had been taken away from the spicy forests where he had grown his brilliant plumage, and had exchanged the tropic fruits and sunny skies of his native land for a cottage with a smoky peat fire, a heather clad moorland, and a misty climate, where little but rocks with stormy waves breaking over them met his eye that was so golden-hued.

No. 3. AFTER BLENHEIM.

Ll. 13-24. Old Kaspar.....slain in that great victory.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy, who stood there waiting for an explanation. Then the old man shook his head, and with a sigh of pity replied that it was the skull of some poor soldier who had been killed there when the celebrated victory of Blenheim was won. Kaspar added that there were so many of these skulls thereabouts that he found them when digging in his garden, and often, when he was ploughing, he would turn them out of the ground. For thousands of men, said he, were killed in that famous battle.

No. 5. A NIGHT WITH A WOLF.

Ll. 29-36. His wet fur.....wild wet morning.

The wolf's wet coat pressed against my side, and in that way we kept each other warm; for cowed by the darkness and the storm, we both had a sense of mutual sympathy.

The crash of falling trees which had warned us all night

of the danger around us, ceased at last: and then, leaving our shelter, each of us in the morning went his way in weather still wet and stormy.

No. 6. TUBAL CAIN.

Ll. 13-24. To Tubal Cain.....metal true.

Many came to buy steel blades from Tubal Cain as he sat forging them in his smithy, and when they got what seemed to be their chiefest desire to obtain, their joy knew no bounds and they paid him liberally for his labour, in gold and precious jewels, occasionally presenting him also with the spoils of the chase. In their exultation they hailed Tubal Cain as their benefactor who had given additional strength to their arms by forging for them weapons which had never yet failed to give satisfaction.

No. 8. THE DOG AND THE WATER LILY.

Ll. 13-24. It was the time.....the case.

It was the time of year when the water lilies begin to blossom on the Ouse. Much I admired their beauty, and one especially I longed to possess. Stretching out my walking stick, I tried to bring the flowers close to the bank, but every time, just as the prize seemed mine, it slipped out of my grasp.

With steady, thoughtful look Beau watched my unsuccessful efforts, evidently trying his little utmost to find out what the matter was.

No. 9. THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Ll. 49-64. The spider turned.....dull as lead.

The spider turned and retreated into his lair, feeling quite certain that the silly fly would soon come back. So he slyly wove in one corner a very thin web, and made everything ready for making a meal on the fly. Then he went outside

once more, and in a pleasant voice invited the fly to approach, praising the lustre of his wings, which gleaned, he said, as bright as pearls or silver; the brightness of his green and purple body, with his beautiful, crested head; and the brilliancy of his eyes, which, he declared, flashed like diamond in comparison with his own which were as lead.

No. 11. BISHOP HATTO.

Ll. 22-29. I faith.....slept again.

The bishop could not suppress his joy at the huge fire he had lit at his barn, which, he thought, was indeed a matter of public rejoicing. He fancied the country should be greatly obliged to him for having thereby destroyed all *rats* that only added to the distress of the times by eating up the corn. He then returned to his official residence and went to bed after supper with a light and merry heart as if nothing had happened. But that night Bishop Hatto slept for the last time.

No. 19. THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

Ll. 9-20. Her footsteps.....the stranger way.

She walked on without idly loitering; faster and faster the patter of her footsteps echoed behind her as she drew near the dark wood whose leaves rustled and whispered on the hill-side. From the noise still made by the rooks it was evident that this wood sheltered many feathered inhabitants; they circled hovering over their nests, and their wings could be heard brushing against the leaves. The dappled deer, which all day had been grazing in the shelter of the wood, now sprang aside fearfully from her path and left the way open to the strange visitor.

No. 14. THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

Ll. 89-112. So that the pretty speech.....come back again.

The children's charming prattle made the murderers relent, and they were now very sorry that they had taken

such a deed in hand. One of them, however, the more hard-hearted of the two, determined to finish the business, because his wicked employer had bribed him so heavily. As the other would not consent, they began to quarrel, and presently came to blows over the question of the children's murder. There in a lonely wood the less cruel of the two killed his adversary, while the children looked on in fear and trembling. He then took the children, who were ready to cry, by the hand, and warned them not to weep, but to follow him at once. For two weary miles he led them thus, till, as they kept on begging for something to eat, he told them to stop where they were till he should come back with provisions.

No. 16. THE KNIGHT'S LEAP.

Ll. 17-28. So now to show.....feet of fall.

"So now let me show these bishops and priests and towns-people in what way I, who perch like a hawk on this tower of Altenahr, am destined to die. If they drive an old falcon like me out of his nest by setting his tree on fire, he must take to his wings and fly from it." So saying he put on his armour in the bright moon-light and, going out, mounted his horse; and then he drank to the last drop a huge cup of red Ahr wine, a draught such as no man had ever drunk before. Then he spurred his old horse keeping the reins tight, and made him leap over the wall and the edge of the cliff, out into the midnight darkness, a sheer plunge of three hundred feet.

No. 17. ON A FAVOURITE CAT.

Ll. 31-42. Eight times.....glisters, gold.

Eight times she rose to the surface and mewed, as if she were entreating the water deities to send her immediate help:

but no dolphin or river nymph came to her rescue ; footman and house-maid heartlessly turned a deaf ear to her cries, for no one will help a more favoured rival.

Let a fair woman, disillusioned, learn from this story that return is impossible when we have once taken the wrong path. Let them, therefore, temper their boldness with discretion, and know that it is wrong to seize upon every chance object of desire that tempts the eye and the heart, for everything that glitters is not gold.

No. 19. THE FRENCH CAMP AT RATISBON.

Stanza 3. Then off...shot in two.

Then a boy, with a glad smile on his face, leapt from the saddle and kept himself upright just by holding on to his horse's mane. He held his lips so firmly closed to prevent the blood flowing through, that you had to look very carefully to see that his chest had been almost severed by a round shot.

No. 21. THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

Ll. 9-40. And taking.....to redeem me.

King Henry took many well fortified strongholds on his successful march to Agincourt, and engaged in repeated skirmishes with those who tried to stop his advance towards the place where the French general was encamped with all his army. The latter with overweening pride sent a mocking message to Henry, bidding him furnish a ransom for himself. To this message, as coming from those that were beneath his notice, the English King paid no attention, beyond a scornful smile which foreboded their overthrow. Then addressing his own soldiers, he bade them be of good cheer, even though they were outnumbered by the foe in the proportion of ten to

one. They had begun their campaign successfully; and victories won with such bravery as theirs had, through all time, been extolled to the skies. As for himself, he said that he had fully decided to stake all on this final issue; England should never lament over him, nor honour him any longer, if unsuccessful. He would, he declared, either conquer or die slain on the battlefield; England should never be put to expense for his ransom.

No. 23. THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

Ll. 13-24. Then up and spake.....like yeast.

An old sailor, who had made many voyages in the Spanish Main, now came up and besought the captain to take refuge in a harbour that was in sight, as he was afraid a hurricane was coming, for he had noticed, he said, the night before a yellow halo round the moon while that night no moon was visible. All the reply the captain made was to blow a puff of smoke from his pipe and laugh scornfully.

The wind, however, grew colder and more violent, till it turned into a gale from the north-east; the snow made a hissing noise as it fell into the sea, and the waves were covered with yeast-like foam.

No. 25. ROSABELLE.

Ll.33-44. Seemed all on fire that chapel.....Saint Clair.

The stately chapel appeared to be all on fire, where the former chiefs of Roslin lie without coffins, each Baron clad in iron armour instead of a burial shroud. Everything seemed to be on fire, both inside the chapel and around it: the interior of the chancel with the railed enclosure round the altar, the leaves carved round the pillars and the dead men's armour, all alike sparkled and glowed. The battlements and lofty pinnacles looked as if they were blazing, as did every

buttress, with its sculptured roses ;—a thing which always happens when Death threatens any of the noble descendants of the illustrious St. Clair.

No. 26. LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

Ll. 25-32. By this the storm...sounded nearer.

And now louder grew the roar of the storm, the spectre of the waters was shrieking its warning, and, as they spoke, their faces were shadowed by the deepening gloom of the lowering sky. But all the while, as the wind blew more fiercely and the night grew more dismal, the tramp of armed men marching down the ravine could be heard more plainly every minute.

No. 27. LADY CLARE.

Ll. 81-88. He laughed...Lady Clare.

Not at all minding what she had said Lord Ronald laughed off all her uneasiness and kissed her, saying that if indeed he was the heir to the property of the late Earl, he was resolved to marry her the next morning all the same and *make* her Lady Clare although she had not been *born* as such.

No. 29. MABEL ON MIDSUMMER DAY.

Part II. Ll. 111-126. As soon as...whate'er it be.

No sooner had Mabel formed her wish than she heard a gathering sound, which seemed to be made by innumerable fairies collecting round her.

Then she heard a tiny voice, as shrill as the humming of a gnat, which called out. "Here is a human child; and yet pray observe that she has not broken the lady-fern stalks, nor has she picked the wild straw-berry flowers. What shall we do to reward a little girl that always keeps out of mischief?" One said that they ought to give her a fairy-cake; three others said they should let her have a wish granted her; and

then they all agreed that she should have the last thing that she had wished for, no matter what it might have been.

No. 31. HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

Ll. 13-24 'Twas moonset...headland its spray.

The moon was setting when we started, but as we approached Lokeren, the cocks were crowing and the dawn was brightening. At Boom a big star, yellow in the mist, came out to watch us; and when we reached Duffield there could be no doubt that it was morning. We heard the half-hour chimed from the steeple of Mecheln, which made Joris break the silence with the words, "We may still be there in time!" The sun suddenly shot up above the horizon at Aershot, and with his light behind them, all the cattle looked like black figures as we galloped past them, standing there gazing at us through the mist. Then at last I could get sight of my strong galloping Roland, resolutely shouldering his way through the thick mist, which he flung off, as a steep river headland flings off the spray of the rushing stream.

No. 34. THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE.

Ll. 101-115. Here Alfred...walrus-tooth.

Upon this King Alfred, known as the Truth-Teller, closed his book abruptly, and raising his eyes, shewed by the look in them how doubtful and suspicious he was about what he had heard. The old sea-captain Othere stared back at him, at first with a fierce, strange gaze; then he began to smile till you could see the gleam of his white teeth beneath his yellow beard that quivered with his eagerness. Then, proudly lifting his head, he stretched out his weather-beaten hand to the Saxon King, and showed him a walrus-tooth in proof that his story was true.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS.

1. BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

Belshazzar, the son of Nebuchadnezzar, was the last king of Babylon. Scarcely was the feast described in this poem finished when Darius (Cyrus ?), the king of the Medes and Persians, captured the city and put Belshazzar to death.

1. 2. **Satraps**, governors of provinces. I. 5. **Cups of gold**—These had been plundered by Nebuchadnezzar from the Jewish temple of Jerusalem. Belshazzar profaned them by using them as wine-cups.
- I. 25. **Chaldea**, the ancient kingdom of Babylon. The people of Chaldea were much addicted to the study of magic and astronomy.
- I. 28. **Untold**, uninterpreted. I. 33. **A captive**—This was Daniel, a Jewish prophet.

Questions :—

1. What important incident in the Bible narrative (Daniel, Chapter V.) has Byron omitted between the fourth and fifth stanzas? Can you mention a corresponding scene in one of Shakespeare's plays?
2. Explain the following :—*In Judah deemed divine* (l. 6); *as if on sand* (l. 12); *a solitary hand* (l. 14); *men of lore* (l. 21); *have no skill* (l. 26); *untold* (l. 28); *men of age* (l. 29); *the king's command* (l. 35); *the shroud his robe of state* (l. 45); *his canopy the stone* (l. 46).
3. Comment on the criticism that this poem is rhetorical verse rather than genuine poetry. Name any other poem, or poems, in this selection, to which the same criticism might with equal justice or injustice be applied.

2. THE PARROT.

1. 5. **The Spanish Main**—The name formerly given to the southern portion of the Caribbean Sea together with the contiguous coast, embracing the route traversed by Spanish treasure ships from the New to the Old World.
- I. 8. **Mulla**, the island of Mull off the west coast of Scotland.
- I. 13. **The smoke of turf**, peat-smoke. Turf or peat is the usual fuel in Scotland.
- I. 14. **Heathery**, overgrown with *heather*, a plant with purple flowers.

Questions :—

1. Explain the following :—*spicy groves* (l. 6); *the smoke of turf* (l. 13); *his golden eye* (l. 16); *petted* (l. 17); *seeming dumb* (l. 21); *he hailed the bird* (l. 25); *with joyous screech* (l. 27).
2. What are the chief points that constitute the pathos of this story?

3. AFTER BLENHEIM.

The battle of Blenheim (in Bavaria) was fought in 1704. The combined English and Austrian army which defeated the French and the Bavarians, was commanded by the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene of Savoy. It is said that as many as 36,000 men were slain in this battle.

1. 5. Green, the patch of ground in front of the cottage, which was covered with grass.
1. 28. Wonder-waiting, expecting to hear something wonderful.

Questions :—

1. Turn the four simple sentences of stanza I into one equivalent complex sentence.
2. Point out in what the humour of this poem consists. Show how the actions and speeches of Wilhelmine and Peterkin serve to accentuate old Kaspar's unconscious irony.

Explain the grammar or the syntax of the following :—*playing* (l. 10); *who* (l. 14); *there's many* (l. 20); *each other* (l. 30); *where to rest his head* (l. 42); *many* (l. 51); *why* (l. 57).

4. CASABIANCA.

1. 1. The boy—Casabianca, son of a French naval officer, Louis Casabianca, who was captain of the flag-ship L'Orient. During the battle of the Nile he had been told by his father not to quit his post until his return.
1. 6. As born, as if born.
1. 27. Shroud, ropes supporting the masts.
1. 28. Wreathing, encircling.

Questions :—

1. Account for the grammatical construction of *but he* in l. 2, and explain *but* in l. 19.
2. Explain fully :—*the flame* (l. 3); *chieftain* (l. 15); *booming* (l. 19); *their breath* (l. 21); *post of death* (l. 23); *in splendour wild* (l. 29); *gallant chidd* (l. 31); *like banners in the sky* (l. 32); *ask of the winds* (l. 35); *well had borne their part* (l. 38).

3. Give an instance of *Personification* from this poem, and show its appropriateness.

5. A NIGHT WITH A WOLF.

1. 10. Wildmen, the Savage American Indians. l. 15. The props &c.—The spreading branches of the pine tree are considered as the roof of a house under which the story-teller found shelter: the *props* are the trunks and the *rafters* the branches.

Questions:—

1. Show from ll. 12, 17 that the words *roof* and *rafter* in stanza 4 are metaphorical, not literal. Explain the metaphor in both case.

2. Explain the following:—*wild men...waited* (l. 10); *came down* (l. 14); *blinded* (l. 18); *green eyes* (l. 23); *hid* (l. 28); *in warning* (l. 34); *in payment* (l. 37).

3. Describe the metrical system of the normal stanza in this poem, and the variations from that normal type.

6. TUBAL CAIN.

Tubal Cain was, according to the Hebrews, the father of the art of forging and managing iron, and of making all kinds of iron work (Gen. IV. 22). 1. 16. The crown of his desire, the most valuable object he desired. l. 52. Willing, always ready to repay the labour of cultivation.

Questions:—

1. Explain the following:—*When Earth was young* (l. 2.); *brawny hand* (l. 5); *glowing clear* (l. 6); *handiwork* (l. 9); *spoils of the forest* (l. 20).

2. Parse them in l. 17 and *brooding* in l. 38.

7. LUCY GRAY.

1. 2. Wild, uncultivated and uninhabited tract. l. 8. Human door, door of a house where people live. ll. 9, 10. The fawn...the hare—These were Lucy's pets. l. 22. Snapped &c.—He thought that Lucy would meet with no difficulty on her way and so he kept at his work quite unconcerned. l. 26. Wanton, playful. l. 29. Before its time, before it was expected. l. 57. Yet some maintain &c.—The superstitious people of the locality think that Lucy is not dead, but is still alive in some mysterious way, as the spirit of solitude.

Questions :—

1. Show how the two closing stanzas harmonize with the whole description of Lucy Gray's life.
2. Quote examples of picturesque detail, and illustrate their expressiveness.
3. Show how, in several instances, Wordsworth produces a deeply pathetic effect in this poem by the simplest possible words. Give analogous instances from No. 14.
4. Explain concisely the full force, both picturesque and emotional, of every word or phrase in Stanza 11.

8. THE DOG AND THE WATER LILY.

1. 1. *Airs*, breezes. 1. 2. *Ouse*, a river in Buckinghamshire. The poet lived in a village on its bank. 1. 5. *Spaniel*, an excellent pet dog. One species—the water spaniel—is a good swimmer. 1. 6. *High in pedigree*, of good breed. 1. 7. *Two nymphs*, two young ladies of Cowper's acquaintance, daughters of Sir Robert Gunning. 1. 9. *Flags*, plants with bladed leaves growing on moist ground. 1. 11. *Meads*, meadows (poetical use). 1. 21. *Beau*, the name of the spaniel. 1. 23. *Puzzling*, being puzzled. 1. 31. *The floating wreath*, the row of lilies.

Questions :—

1. Why was it so difficult to steer the coveted water lily to land?
2. Explain the following:—*silent tide* (l. 2); *literary cares* (l. 3); *wanton* (l. 9); *with scarce a slower flight* (l. 12); *cane* (l. 17); *his dream* (l. 26).
3. What may we learn from this poem about the scenery of the river Ouse?
4. Explain and write a short comment upon (ll. 39, 40); “My dog ...breed.”

9. THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

1. 29. *Pantry*, store room. 1. 49. *Him*, himself. 1. 62. *Crest*, tuft.

Questions :—

1. State as concisely as possible the successive arguments by which the spider tried to entice the fly into his den, and the way in which the fly met each of them.
2. Give a single word to express the moral weakness on which, in each case, the spider relied in her dealings with the fly.

10. THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

The inchcape Rock, a dangerous rock off the coast of Forfarshire, Scotland, on which now stands the Bell Rock lighthouse. 1. 9. Aberbrothock, the same as Arbroath in Forfarshire. 1. 20. Joyance, happiness (archaic). 1. 23. Rover, pirate. 1. 29. Float, raft to which the bell was attached. 1. 32. Plague, annoy. 1. 42. Scoured, swept over (in quest of plunder).

Questions:—

1. Explain the following:—*steady* (l. 4); *the warning bell* (l. 14); *to excess* (l. 27); *float* (l. 29); *plague* (l. 32); *wont bless* (l. 40); *scoured* (l. 42); *he curst himself* (l. 62).
2. Compare and contrast stanza I. with the following from Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*—

“Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.”

3. Point out defects of meaning or expression in ll. 5, 11, 15, 56.
4. Parse the italicised words in—

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on *high*;
The wind hath blown a *gale* all day.

5. Sketch the character of Sir Ralph from what this poem tells us about it, either directly or by implication.

11. BISHOP HATTO.

1. 22. Bonfire, large open-air fire in celebration of some event or for consuming rubbish. 1. 25. Rats, the poor people who came to receive help. 1. 63. Told, counted. 1. 80. To do judgement on him, to punish him adequately for his sin.

Questions:—

Parse *forgive* in l. 42; *yore* in l. 66; and *within* in l. 75.

12. THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

1. 1. Euston—It is part of London now. 1. 8. Hail, see with joy, for she would then be near her home. 1. 14. Bespoke, indicated. Peopled shed, that there were many birds in these trees. 1. 16. Hovering circles made, flew again and again in circles before choosing a branch to perch upon. 1. 12. Sprite, spirit, ghost.

1. 35. Cheating, deceptive. 1. 39. Owned, confessed. 1. 55. **Unadvised** without previous intimation. 1. 65. **Imp**, evil spirit, demon.

Questions :—

1. Compare the general form and style of this poem with that of No. 8, No. 24 and No. 28. Which of the three does it most resemble? Give your reasons.

2. Compare or contrast the humorous touches in this poem with those of No. 3.

3. Explain the following :—*whispered* (l. 12); *what sight could do* (l. 34); *cheating glooms* (l. 35); *like to crack* (l. 46); *resolution* (l. 51); *all unadvised* (l. 55); *lost its dam* (l. 61); *imp of sin* (l. 65); *shaggy stranger* (l. 67); *kept the joke alive* (l. 76); *some conviction* (l. 78).

4. Write a paraphrase of stanzas 16, 17, so as to bring out fully the picturesque points.

5. Parse and explain the italicised words in :—

“*Still on*, pat, pat, the goblin went,
As it had *done* before ;
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.”

13. THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

There was slavery in the United States before the Civil War of 1861. 65. It was the practice to capture Negroes in Africa and sell them as cattle to work in the plantations.

1. 8. **Niger**, an African river. 1. 29. **Caffre**, a south African tribe. 1. 33. **The river-horse**, the hippopotamus. 1. 37. **Myriad** tonques i. e. of birds and beasts. 1. 47. **Fetter**, the body, so called because it holds the soul in bondage.

Questions :—

1. Pick out and piece together all the details of the slave's actual condition, and show that the picture they present is in vivid contrast to that presented by his dream.

2. Comment on the picturesque effect of the following ;—*wide* (l. 7); *tinkling* (l. 11); *blood-red flag* (l. 25); *rose* (l. 30); *crushed* (l. 33); *hidden* (l. 34); *worn-out fetter* (l. 47).

14. THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

1. 5. **Of good account**, worthy. 1. 9. **Like to die**, about to die. 1. 13. **No love...lost**, they were deeply attached to each other. In

Modern English, however, '*there is no love lost between them*' means 'they dislike each other.' l. 30. *Age*—Majority. l. 45. *Bespake*, spoke (archaic). l. 82. *Tide*, time. l. 84. *On cock-horse*, on horse-back, (*cock-horse* itself is an adv. =astride, mounted.)

Questions :—

1. State as concisely as possible :—(a) the contents of the father's will; (b) the promises made by the uncle to the dying parents; (c) how the uncle deceived his wife about these children; (d) the wanderings, death, and burial of the children after they had been abandoned in the wood; (e) the retribution that befell each of the three persons responsible for the crime.
2. Explain the following :—*brought forth to light* (l. 4); *in beauty's mould* (l. 21); *perfect age* (l. 23); *might not be controlled* (l. 28); *strait* (l. 67); *their lives' decay* (l. 88); *pretty speech* (l. 89); *look* (l. 108); *were fired* (l. 133).
3. Parse *them* in 'They sat them down' (line 120). Is *one another's* correct in line 123?

15.—NAPOLEON AND THE YOUNG ENGLISH SAILOR.

1. 5. *Boulogne*, a French port on the English Channel. ll. 15, 16. *White cliffs*, the chalk cliffs. l. 23. *Hogshead*, a barrel containing over 50 gallons, large enough to float two men. l. 30. *Wherry*, a light shallow boat for carrying passengers. l. 35. *Untarred*, not painted with tar so as to fill up cracks. *Unkeeled*, flat bottomed. l. 42. *Argo*, the fabled ship in which Jason sailed in quest of the golden fleece. l. 61. *Tar*, or *Jack tar* is the colloquial term for a sailor.

Questions :—

1. Explain the following :—*armed every freeman* (l. 6); *half-way over* (l. 14); *a stormy watch* (l. 17); *dreaming-doiting* (l. 22); *lurking* (l. 26); *crossed a ferry* (l. 32); *for ploughing....sea-field* (l. 33); *untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled* (l. 35); *his sorry skiff* (l. 38); *the tar* (l. 61); *scanty shift* (l. 65).

2. Compare the character of Napoleon as shown in this poem with that implied in No. 19.

16.—THE KNIGHT'S LEAP.

Altenahr is a town in south-western Germany, about 30 miles south of Cologne. l. 3. *Ahr wine*...The valley of the Ahr is one of the principal wine growing districts in Prussia. l. 11. *Trier* or *Treves*, a Prussian city on the Mosel, about 80 miles from Cologne. *Coln* is the same as

Cologne. 1. 15. Saddle-tree, frame of a saddle. 1. 31. Mass, celebration of the Eucharist. Masses are often said for dead men's souls.

Questions :—

1. Explain the following :—*fired the gate* (l. 1); *lead him me round* (l. 6); *perforce* (l. 7); *die on tree* (l. 14); *properest timber* (l. 16); *smoke the old falcon* (l. 19); *take to his wings* (l. 20); *he harnessed himself* (l. 21).
2. State concisely the circumstances which compelled the knight to take this leap.
3. Explain the metaphors—"the Altenahr hawk" and "the old falcon" (ll. 18, 19).

17.—ON THE DEATH OF HIS FAVOURITE CAT.

ll. 2, 3. Where China's &c. on which China vase full blown flowers had been painted in blue. 1. 4. Demurest, gravest. Tabby kind—a tabby-cat is a cat of grey or brownish colour with dark stripes. 1. 7. Conscious tail—The movements of her tail showed how delighted she was. 1. 16. Tyrian hue, purple. Tyre, in Phoenicia, was famous in ancient times for its brilliant purple dye. 1. 31. Eight times &c.—Cf. the familiar proverb: *a cat has nine lives*. 1. 34. Dolphin—This refers to the story of Arion who, when thrown into the sea by the faithless sailors, was saved by a dolphin, which carried him on its back to Corinth. Nereid—The Nereides, in Greek mythology, were sea-nymphs, daughters of Nereus, 'the old man of the sea.' 1. 35. Tom...Susan—These stand for servants, male and female.

Questions :—

1. Explain fully the following :—*China's gayest art* (l. 2); *demurest* (l. 4); *with the tortoise vies* (l. 19); *she saw etc.* (l. 12); *Genii* (l. 15); *a golden gleam* (l. 18); *malignant Fate* (l. 28); *beguiled* (l. 29); *un-deceived* (l. 37).
2. Point out and explain the allusions to classical literature and mythology contained in this poem.
3. Quote instances from this poem of conventional epithets or description.

18.—WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

Walter Von Der Vogelweid or Bird-Meadow was one of the principal Minnesingers of the thirteenth century. He triumphed over Heinrich Von Ofterdingen in that poetic contest at Wartburg Castle, known in literary history as the "War of Wartburg."

1. 1. **Minnesinger**—German lyrical poet and singer in the 12-14th centuries. 1. 16. **Children of the choir**—boys performing musical parts in Church service. 1. 42. **Gothic spire**, spire built in the Gothic style of architecture formerly prevalent in Western Europe.

Questions :—

1. Explain the following :—*wandering minstrels* (l. 9) ; *the poets of the air* (l. 20) ; *they renewed the War of Wartburg* (l. 27) ; *their lands* (l. 30) ; *the feathered Minnesingers* (l. 43) ; *the cloister's funeral stones* (l. 46) ; *tradition* (l. 47).

2. Comment on the pictorial effectiveness of the sixth and the eleventh stanza.

19.—AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

1. 1. **Ratisbon**, a town in Bavaria. It was occupied by the Austrians from whom the French took it by assault in 1809. 1. 6. **Legs wide &c.**—Compare this attitude of Napoleon with that described in No. 15. 1. 8. **Oppressive with its mind**, dominating with the help of the powerful intellect which lay behind it. 1. 11. **Let once**, if once. **Lannes**, one of Napoleon's most trusted generals. 1. 29. **Flag-bird**, the French Imperial standard (with a gilt eagle at the top of the staff). **Vans**—wings (archaic). 1. 38. **Touched to the quick**, wounded in its most sensitive part—that the Emperor could think him capable of betraying any sign of pain except when mortally wounded.

Questions :—

1. Explain the following :—*battery smokes*. (l. 13) ; *flag-bird flap his vans* (l. 29) ; *to heart's desire* (l. 30) ; *soared up again* (l. 32) ; *as sheathes a film* the mother eagle's eye (ll. 34, 35) ; *touched to the quick* (l. 38).

2. State briefly the news brought by this rider to Napoleon, and explain the urgency of his message.

3. Parse—*mile* (l. 2) ; *legs wide* (l. 6) ; *all but* (l. 24) ; *quick* (l. 38).

20.—THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

The battle of the Baltic and the bombardment of Copenhagen took place on the 2nd April 1801. Sir Hyde Parker was in charge of the English fleet and Nelson was second in command. The Danes fought most bravely and it was Nelson's heroism which refused to notice Parker's signal for retreat, that enabled the English to conclude an honourable treaty with the enemy.

1. 1. **The North, Denmark**. The Danes were honourable foes and they fought most bravely. 1. 14. **Ten of April morn** by the

chime, ten o'clock in the morning in the month of April. l. 63. Elsinore, a Danish port at the outer entrance of the Sound. l. 67. Riou, captain of the English ship, Amazon, who fell in the action.

Questions :—

1. Criticise the lines :—*To anticipate the scene* (l. 20) ; *now joy old England, raise* (l. 55) ; and *the mermaid's song condoles* (l. 70).
2. Explain the following :—*the lighted brand* (l. 6) ; *like Leviathans afloat* (l. 10) ; *the lofty British line* (l. 13) ; *the deadly space between* (l. 22) ; *a death-shade* (l. 25) ; *the hurricane eclipse* (l. 26) ; *we conquer but to save* (l. 40) ; *death withdrew his shades* (l. 50) ; *the fires of funeral light* (l. 53) ; *the deck of fame* (l. 66).
3. Draw a comparison between this poem and No. 21.

21.—THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

Agincourt is in France. Here the English under Henry V. defeated the French in 1413.

1. Which—This has for its antecedent 'the French general' in l. 15. The French general, in his arrogance, sent word to Henry that as he was sure to be taken captive, he should provide for his ransom.
2. Poitiers and Cressy—The battle of Cressy was fought in 1346 and that of Poitiers in 1356, both in the reign of Edward III. when the English defeated the French. l. 45. Our grandsire great—Edward III. who was great-grandfather of Henry V. York, Erpingham, Gloucester, Clarence. Oxford &c. were English noblemen who took part in the battle, l. 72. Stuck, (past tense of *stock*) pierced. l. 113. St. Crispin's day,—October, 25.

Questions :—

1. Explain the following :—*to prove our chance* (l. 3) ; *in warlike sort* (l. 10) ; *all his power* (l. 16) ; *amazed* (l. 28) ; *my full rest* (l. 34) ; *loss* (l. 40) ; *our grandsire great* (l. 45) ; *lopped the French lilies* (l. 48) ; *vaward* (l. 50) ; *the main* (l. 51) ; *it thine age became* (l. 65) ; *cloth-yard* (l. 74) ; *piercing the weather* (l. 76) ; *did ding* (l. 91) ; *his axe did ply* (l. 109).
2. Paraphrase stanza 3 so as to make the grammatical construction perfectly clear.
3. Explain the syntax of the following :—*A braver man not there* (l. 54) ; *that with the cries they make* (l. 61) ; *which didst the signal aim* (l. 67) ; *none from...together* (ll. 77-80) ; *scarce such another* (l. 104).

22. THE CUMBERLAND.

The Cumberland was a wooden war-vessel belonging to the Federal Government. It was sunk by the Merrimac, an iron-clad belonging to the Confederates, during the American Civil War (1862). The scene of the action was Hampton Roads at the mouth of the James River.

1. 23. Iron scale, plate of iron. 1. 26. Plantation strain, tone which characterised the planters of the Southern States, 1. 27. Morris, the officer in command of the Cumberland. 1. 31. Kraken, mythical sea-monster appearing off the coast of Norway. Cf. 'Leviathan' in l. 10, No. 20. 1. 46. The flag that is rent in twain, the nation that is divided into two parties by civil strife.

Questions :—

1. Explain the following :—*Roads* (l. 1); *the alarm of drums* (l. 4); *ribs of oak* (l. 12); *the floating fort* (l. 14); *leaps the terrible death* (l. 16); *each open port* (l. 18); *each iron scale of the monster's hide* (ll. 23-24); *arrogant old plantation strain* (l. 26); *like a kraken* (l. 31); *shudder of death* (l. 34); *her dying gasp* (l. 36); *the flag that is rent in twain* (l. 46).
2. Compare and contrast this poem with No. 20.
3. Show how the description of a Sunday morning (Stanza 7) emphasises by contrast the strenuous heroism of the whole poem, and leads up to climax in the conclusion.

23. THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

1. 5. Flax—the flower of the flax plant (the seeds are called linseed). 1. 11. Flaw, squall. 1. 17. Last night the moon &c.,—an annular halo round the moon is believed to presage stormy weather. 1. 28. Cable's length, about 600 feet. 1. 55. Who stilled the waves &c.—The allusion is to the miracle of calming a tempest by Christ in the Sea (Lake) of Galilee (Matt. VIII. 23-37). 1. 60. Reef of Norman's Woe—This lies about 2 miles off Gloucester, Massachusetts. 1. 75. Stove, past tense of *stave*, to break up, here used intransitively.

1. Point out and comment on the vivid picturesqueness of the following passages :—ll. 23-24, l. 59; ll. 67-68, ll. 69-72.
2. Explain the following :—*fairy flax* (l. 5); *the veering flaw* (l. 11); *now west, now south* (l. 12); *in its strength* (l. 26); *rock-bound* (l. 39); *cannot live* (l. 43); *stiff and stark* (l. 49); *gleaming snow* (l. 51); *trampling surf* (l. 63); *a whooping billow* (l. 67); *carded wool* (l. 70); *rattling shrouds* (l. 73); *went by the board* (l. 74); *salt tears* (l. 82).

3. Compare and contrast the pathos of this story with that of No. 4.
4. To what class of poetry does this poem belong? Enumerate any features in the poem that show that it belongs to that class.
5. Write grammatical notes on—(a) *A scornful laugh laughed he* (l. 20); (b) *his seaman's coat* (l. 33); (c) *Christ save us all* (l. 87).

24. ALICE BRAND.

1. 2. *Mavis*, song-thrush (poetical use). *Merle*, blackbird (archaic).
 1. 7. *Hold by*, dwell in. *Wold*, open uncultivated country, moorland.
 1. 14. *Glaive* (in poetry and archaic), sword. 1. 23. *Darkling*, in the dark. 1. 25. *Pall*, fine mantle. *Vair*, fur. 1. 27. *Russet gray*, coarse homespun gray cloth worn by peasants. 1. 38. *Wonned*, dwelt. 1. 42. *Our moonlight circle's screen*, the trees which screen the grassy spot where we dance in a circle by moonlight. Cf. "Fairy rings." 1. 46. *The fairies' fatal green*, our favourite green colour which, when assumed by mortals, gives us offence.—l. 70. *Thine own kindly blood*, the blood of thine own kinsman. ll. 80-100.—In these lines the dwarf relates how he was enchanted. 1. 97. *Wist I, if I knew.* 1. 107. *Mould* (or *mold*), land, country. *Scottish mould* stands for Scotland.

Questions :—

1. Show how the introductory or the closing refrain is varied in each section of this poem to suit its special character.
2. Explain the following :—*on harp to stay* (l. 18); *our moonlight circles' screen* (l. 42); *the joyless Elfin bower* (l. 96); *my mortal mould* (l. 99); *she crossed him* (l. 101); *was so brave* (l. 102).
3. What may we learn from this ballad of the popular fairy-lore of Scott's time?
4. Show the special picturesqueness of stanzas 1, 10, 21 and 25.

25.—ROSABELLE.

1. 4. Rosabelle—this was a family name in the house of St. Clair.
 1. 7. *Castle Ravensheuch*, a large castle, in ruins, on the Firth of Forth. 1. 8. *Tempt, defy.* 1. 10. *Inch, isle.* 1. 11. *The Water-Sprite*—“the spirit of the waters, who, as was vulgarly believed in Scotland, gave previous intimation of the destruction of those who perished within their jurisdiction, by preternatural lights and noises.” Cf. ll. 25 and 26 in the next poem. 1. 14. *A wet shroud etc.*—This meant that a lady was fated to be drowned. 1. 17. *'Tis not because &c.*—Note that notwithstanding this protest, it was precisely her anxiety to open the ball with him and witness his skill in knightly sports. 1. 21. *The Ring*

they ride—Riding at the ring was a favourite pastime with knights in later times. The sport was so called because the competitors were required to show their skill by thrusting their lances, while riding at full speed, through a ring suspended from a beam. l. 35. **For**, instead of. l. 38. **Pale**, enclosure. l. 29. **Foliage-bound**, encircled with carvings of leaves l. 50. **With candle, with book and with knell**, with all the solemn rites of the Church observed at the burial of the dead. (During the funeral service, lighted *candles* are held, prayers are read from the *book* and the *bell tolls*).

Questions :—

1. Explain the following :—*tempt the stormy firth* (l. 8); *Water-Sprite* (l. 11); *the gifted Seer* (l. 13); *the wine will chide* (l. 33); *altar's pale* (l. 38); *with candle, with book, and with knell* (l. 50).
2. Show how the different stages of the story are hinted at, rather than directly stated in this poem. Give the implied story in complete form, omitting all merely picturesque details.
3. Illustrate from this poem the large part that local and legendary supernaturalism plays in Sir Walter Scott's poetry.
4. Compare and contrast this poem with No. 26.
5. Point out and comment on any specially powerfully descriptive lines in this poem.

26. LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

1. 3. **A silver pound**, a silver coin called pound Scots, 1s. 8d.
1. 15. **Bonny**, winsome, beautiful. l. 17. **Wight**, person (seldom used in prose except to imply contempt).

Questions :—

1. Parse and explain the grammatical construction of the following :—*To row* (l. 4); *three days* (l. 10); *hard* (l. 13); *white* (l. 23); *wilder* (l. 29); *trampling* (l. 32); *preventing* (l. 54).
2. Point out any passage or passages that you consider to be the most descriptively picturesque in this poem, and give your reasons.

27. LADY CLARE.

1. 5. **Trow**, trust. l. 59. **Down**, hill. l. 84. **Next in blood**, nearest kinsman.

Questions :—

1. 1. Write in your own words the dialogue between Lady Clare and the nurse. Comment on the sudden awakening of filial instinct in the daughter, as described in stanza 14.

2. Explain the following:—*All comes round so just and fair* (l. 18); *out of your mind* (l. 21); *as I live by bread* (l. 26); *you shame your worth* (l. 66); *your riddle is hard to read* (l. 76); *her heart within her did not fail* (l. 78).

28. JOHN GILPIN.

1. 3. Trainband, the citizen soldiery of London. Eke, also l. 11. The Bell, the Bell Inn. l. 21. Bold, enterprising (or it may be taken only as a ballad epithet). l. 23. Calender, one who cleans, presses and smooths woven fabrics. l. 39. Agog, eager. l. 40. Through thick and thin, under all conditions, resolutely. l. 97. Neck or nought, desperately. l. 100. Rig, wild prank. l. 115. Carries weight, is handicapped by being made to carry extra weight. l. 128. Basted, moistened with fat. l. 135. Wash, a shallow stream overflowing the roadway. l. 172. Guise, manner. l. 178. Pin, humour. l. 201. Bootless, vain.

Questions:—

1. Explain by the context the full force of the following words or phrases:—*tedious* (l. 7); *frugal* (l. 32); *mad* (l. 44); *screaming* (l. 59); *snorting beast* (l. 83); *reeking* (l. 122); *trundling mop* (l. 139); *upon the road* (l. 176); *would stare* (l. 194); *braying* (l. 203); *lumbering* (l. 232).

2. Explain the following:—*all agog* (l. 39); *through thick and thin* (l. 40); *do exercise* (l. 64); *a curling ear* (l. 69); *galed him in his seat* (l. 84); *fair and softly* (l. 85); *curb and rein* (l. 88); *neck or nought* (l. 97); *running such a rig* (l. 100); *been said or sung* (l. 108); *in a trice* (l. 119); *in merry pin* (l. 178); *hue and cry* (l. 236).

3. Point out any features in this poem that mark it as belonging to the *Ballad* class. Name the characteristics of Ballad poetry.

29. MABEL ON MIDSUMMER DAY.

PART I.

Midsummer day, June 24. l. 8. Livelong (poetical) whole length of (with implication of weariness or delight). l. 11. Pat, small mass (of butter) formed by patting. l. 53. Brownies, shaggy goblins who haunt houses and do household work secretly.

PART II.

l. 29. Curtsey, feminine salutation made by bending knees and lowering body. l. 33. Handy, clever with the hands. l. 44. Alway (poet.) always. l. 56. Sere (or sear), withered. l. 82. Affray (used as a verb)

here), injure. l. 92. **Flax**, linen. l. 104. **Burn** (in poetry and in Scotland), small stream. l. 106. **Lady-fern**, a tall slender kind of fern. l. 121. **Midge**, a kind of gnat-like insect.

Questions :—

1. Compare and contrast the fairy-lore of this poem with that of No. 24. How does a *brownie* differ from a *fairy*?
2. State as concisely as possible—(a) the reasons why Mabel's mother could not visit the grandmother: (b) the work that Mabel had to do for her grandmother: (c) the cautions given to Mabel about the fairy folk; (d) the fairy-queen's benediction: (e) what the *brownies* said about Mabel; (f) the three fairy blessings that Mabel gained.
3. Rewrite stanza 4 of Pt. II. ("And then she swept &c.) in the form of one complex sentence. What kind of sentence is the actual stanza?

30. BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

As in No. 22, the theme of this poem is an incident in the Civil War of the United States.

1. 3. **Frederick**, a town in Maryland, 40 miles west of Baltimore. It is "green-walled," as it is shut in by wooded hills. l. 7. **Garden of the Lord**, garden of Eden or Paradise. l. 8. **Rebel horde**, the Southern or Confederate army. l. 9. **Early fall**—"Fall" is the American term for Autumn. l. 10. **Lee, Robert**, one of the greatest of the Confederate generals. He invaded Maryland in September 1862. ll. 13, 14. **Forty flags with their silver stars &c.**—The Union flag has as many white stars on a blue ground in the upper corner next to the staff, as there are States, its body being marked with thirteen red and white bars. l. 24. **Stonewall Jackson**, Thomas Jonathan Jackson, one of the best Confederate generals. He was called 'Stonewall' from the saying at the battle of Bull Run that his brigade would stand like a stonewall. l. 25. **Slouched**, with a broad brim. l. 34. **Royal will**, determination. l. 48. **Loyal winds**, winds which spread out and displayed the Union flag. l. 56. **Flag of Freedom and Union**—the Federals fought to abolish slavery and maintain the integrity of the Union.

Questions :—

1. Rewrite in picturesque prose the scene described in the first eight lines.
2. Explain the following :—*fruited deep* (l. 6); *the early fall* (l. 9); *mountain wall* (l. 10); *flags with their silver stars....with their crimson*

bars (ll. 13-14); *dust-brown ranks* (l. 27); *with a royal will* (l. 34); *the loyal winds* (l. 48); *the hill gaps* (l. 49).

3. Compare and contrast the heroism described in this poem with that described in No. 22.

36. FROM GHENT TO AIX.

This poem has no foundation in historic facts. The writer imagines that the city of Aix, which was sorely besieged by some enemy, was about to surrender unconditionally. Meanwhile the citizens of Ghent came to know that certain important political changes had taken place and that if the news could be communicated to Aix about day-break next day, that city should not have to surrender. How was this to be done? It was midnight and the distance was 100 miles. The poem describes the ride of three volunteers upon this important mission.

1. 5. *Postern*, the gate closing a covered passage through the city walls. l. 14. *Lokeren*. This and the other places named below lie on the road from Ghent to Aix. l. 15. A great yellow star, perhaps the planet Venus is meant. l. 17. *Half chime, half hour*. l. 31. *Stay spur, leave off spurring*. This shows that Dirck was riding the horse cruelly.

Questions.—

1. Contrast the characters of Dirck, Joris, and the rider of Roland and thus show, incidentally, that man's relation to animals is the underlying theme of the poem.

2. Give an imaginary sketch of the incidents that preceded and led up to the opening line of this poem.

3. Explain the following:—*postern* (l. 5); *pique* (l. 10); *a great yellow star* (l. 15); *spume-flakes* (l. 29); *neck and croup* (l. 44); *circles of red* (l. 48); *holster* (l. 49).

4. Show how the following lines are exceptional in their vividly pictorial power:—ll. 4-6; ll. 19-21; ll. 39-41.

5. How far can this poem be illustrated by any details of Browning's own personal character and history?

6. Comment on the comparative absence of "poetic diction" from this poem, and point out the methods by which Browning here attains the distinctive aim of poetry as distinguished from that of prose.

32. ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

1. 2. *Lybia*, the nothern part of Africa, l. 13. *Inherent, sticking in* (literal sense). l. 15. *Sanious, thin and serous, as discharged from*

ulcers or foul wounds. I. 18. *Inmate*, one who lived in his cave. I. 25. *Sands*, arena.

Questions :—

1. Explain the following :—*Injured* (l. 1); *plaintive murmurs* (l. 8); *at a stand* (l. 11); *inherent* (l. 13); *sanious* (l. 15); *his inmate* (l. 18); *parted* (ib); *unprepared* (l. 19); *his lord's revenge* (l. 22); *the sands* (l. 25); *famished into rage* (l. 28).

2. Comment on the grammatical construction of—*approaching* (l. 7); *arrived within* (l. 8); *thus to live* (l. 21); *the assembly gaze*. (l. 33).

3. Paraphrase the first ten lines of this poem.

33. THE ANGEL'S STORY.

I. 110. *May*, hawthorn. I. 160. *Garret*, room on top floor. In rented houses such rooms are occupied by the poorest tenants.

Questions :—

1. Explain the following :—*almost matched* (l. 4); *beguiled* (l. 19); *even stilled...mourning* (l. 30); *one fatal word* (l. 41); *with strength to smile* (l. 46); *dove-like pinions* (l. 60); *little nest* (l. 64); *sobs and wailings* (l. 67); *heavenly guest* (l. 80); *longing fancies* (l. 105); *trailing boughs* (l. 110); *fevered* (l. 115); *the lordliest of all* (l. 122); *velvet glades* (l. 124); *his brightest day-dream* (l. 133); *a House's hope* (l. 141); *the stern, cold grating* (l. 152); *the sleeping seraph* (l. 157); *his little burthen* (l. 185); *that mystery* (l. 189).

2. Compare and contrast this poem, as regards its general structure, its emotional contrasts, and its closing stanza, with corresponding particulars in No. 13.

3. Describe freely in picturesque prose the scenes depicted in (a) ll. 1-11; (b) ll. 26-50; (c) ll. 120-141; and (d) ll. 196-201.

4. What is the question that puzzles the child in ll. 77-78 and 186-189, and what is the answer?

34.—THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE.

I. 2. *Helgoland* or more properly *Helgeland*, a maritime district of Norway. I. 12. *Colour of oak*, brown. I. 40. *Sagas*, stories of adventures, mostly in prose. I. 41. *Greenland*—This island had been colonised by Icelanders long before the discovery of America by Columbus. I. 92. *Narwhale*, a kind of small whale with horn or horns developed from one or both of its two teeth. I. 107. *Weird*, mysteriously.

Questions:—

1. Describe in your own words the personal appearance of Othere. What were the two things that King Alfred found so hard to believe?
2. Explain the following:—*with a kind of laugh...like the sea-tide* (ll. 13-14); *sagas of the seas* (l. 40); *slacken sail for the walrus* (ll. 53-54); *haggard shape* (l. 63); *he neither paused nor stirred* (l. 82); *a nameless sea* (l. 90); *wild and weird* (l. 107).
3. Describe as vividly as you can, without omitting a single point in Othere's description, the appearance of the North Cape and its surroundings.
4. What may you infer from this poem about the character of Alfred?